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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Θεον σεβε και παυλα πραξεις ενθεως.

Υπερ Ευσεβειας και λαλει και μανθανε.

INCERT.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN, FRANCIS and CHARLES RIVINGTON, at the *Bible* and *Crown* (N° 62.) in *St. Paul's Church-Yard.*

M.DCC.LXXVI.

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TO THE

EARL of *BATH.*

MY LORD,

THE World will judge the more favourably of this Collection, from being told that it was printed by Your Desire: and my own Scruples about the Publication will be the

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leſs painful, if You accept it as a Teſtimony of the Gratitude and Reſpect, with which I have the Honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged

and moſt obedient humble Servant,

Eliz. Carter.

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WHATEVER Honour the Author of this Collection may derive from the following fine Verſes, there is no Part of it on which ſhe ſets ſo high a Value, as the being allowed to declare, that ſhe is indebted for them to Lord *Lyttleton*.

On reading Mrs. ———'s POEMS in Manuſcript.

SUCH were the Notes that ſtruck the wond'ring Ear
Of ſilent Night, when, on the verdant Banks
Of *Siloe*'s hallow'd Brook, celeſtial Harps,
Accorded to ſeraphic Voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the Earth
Peace, and Good-will to Men!—Reſume the Lyre
Chauntreſs divine, and ev'ry *Briton* call
It's Melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy Strains,
More pow'rful than the Song of *Orpheus*, tame
The ſavage Heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's Shrine the ſtubborn Knees
Of bold Impiety—*Greece* ſhall no more
Of *Leſbian Sappho* boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe Syren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd

To

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To Guilt and Ruin. For the ſacred Head
Of *Britain's* Poeteſs the Virtues twine
A nobler Wreath, by them from *Eden's* Grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the Hand
Of *Montagu* to fix it on her Brows.

POEMS

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

IN DIEM NATALEM.

——— vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur & labetur, in omne, volubilis, ævum.

HOR.

THOU Pow'r supreme! by whose Command
I live,
The grateful Tribute of my Praise receive:
To thy Indulgence I my Being owe,
And all the Joys which from that Being flow.

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Scarce eighteen Suns have form'd the rolling Year,
And run their deſtin'd Courſes round this Sphere,
Since thy creative Eye my Form ſurvey'd,
Midſt undiſtinguiſh'd Heaps of Matter laid.
Thy Skill my elemental Clay refin'd,
The vagrant Particles in Order join'd:
With perfect Symmetry compos'd the Whole,
And ſtamp'd thy ſacred Image on my Soul:
A Soul ſuſceptible of endleſs Joy,
Whoſe Frame nor Force, nor Time can e'er deſtroy;
Which ſhall ſurvive, when Nature claims my Breath,
And bid Defiance to the Darts of Death;
To Realms of Bliſs with active Freedom ſoar,
And live when Earth, and Skies ſhall be no more.
Author of Life! In vain my Tongue eſſays,
For this immortal Gift to ſpeak thy Praiſe!
How ſhall my Heart it's grateful Senſe reveal,
Where all the Energy of Words muſt fail?
O may it's Influence in my Life appear,
And ev'ry Action prove my Thanks ſincere!
Grant me, great God, a Heart to Thee inclin'd:
Increaſe my Faith, and rectify my Mind:

Teach

Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred Ways,
And to thy Service consecrate my Days.
Still as thro' Life's perplexing Maze I stray,
Be Thou the guiding Star to mark my Way.
Conduct the Steps of my unguarded Youth,
And point their Motions to the Paths of Truth.
Protect me by thy providential Care,
And warn my Soul to shun the Tempter's Snare.
Thro' all the shifting Scenes of varied Life,
In Calms of Ease, or rustling Storms of Grief,
Thro' each Event of this inconstant State,
Preserve my Temper equal and sedate.
Give me a Mind, that nobly can despise
The low Designs, and little Arts of Vice.
Be my Religion such as taught by Thee,
Alike from Pride and Superstition free.
Inform my Judgment, regulate my Will,
My Reason strengthen, and my Passions still;
To gain thy Favour be my first great End,
And to that Scope may ev'ry Action tend.
Amidst the Pleasures of a prosp'rous State,
Whose flatt'ring Charms the untutor'd Heart elate,

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May I reflect to whom those Gifts I owe,
And bless the bounteous Hand, from whence they flow.
Or, if an adverse Fortune be my Share,
Let not it's Terrors tempt me to Despair;
But fixt on Thee a steady Faith maintain,
And own all good, which thy Decrees ordain.
On thy unfailing Providence depend,
The best Protector, and the surest Friend.
Thus on Life's Stage may I my Part sustain,
And at my Exit thy Applauses gain.
When thy pale Herald summons me away,
Support me in that dread Catastrophe;
In that last Conflict guard me from Alarms,
And take my Soul expiring in thy Arms.

Felices

Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoſcere primis,
Inque domos ſuperas ſcandere, cura fuit.
Credibile eſt illas, pariter vitiiſque lociſque
Altius humanis, exeruiſſe caput.

OVID. FAST.

WHILE clear the Night, and ev'ry Thought ſerene,
Let Fancy wander o'er the ſolemn Scene:
And, wing'd by active Contemplation, riſe
Amidſt the radiant Wonders of the Skies.
Here, *Caſſiopeia* fills a lucid Throne,
There blaze the Splendors of the *Northern Crown*:
While the low Car the cold *Triones* roll
O'er the pale Countries of the frozen Pole,
Whoſe faithful Beams conduct the wand'ring Ship,
Thro' the wide Deſert of the pathleſs Deep.
Throughout the *Galaxy*'s extended Line,
Unnumber'd Orbs in gay Confuſion ſhine:
Where ev'ry Star that gilds the Gloom of Night
With the faint Tremblings of a diſtant Light,

Perhaps illumes ſome Syſtem of it's own
With the ſtrong Influence of a radiant Sun.
Plac'd on the Verge, which *Titan*'s Realm confines,
The ſlow revolving Orb of *Saturn* ſhines;
Where the bright Pow'r, whoſe near approaching Ray
Gilds our gay Climates with the Blaze of Day,
On thoſe dark Regions glimmers from afar,
With the pale Luſtre of a twinkling Star.
While, glowing with unmitigated Day,
The nearer Planets roll their rapid Way.
Let ſtupid Atheiſts boaſt th' atomic Dance,
And call theſe beauteous Worlds the Work of Chance:
But nobler Minds, from Guilt and Paſſion free,
Where Truth unclouded darts her heav'nly Ray,
Or on the Earth, or in the ætherial Road,
Survey the Footſteps of a ruling GOD:
Sole LORD of Nature's univerſal Frame,
Thro' endleſs Years unchangeably the ſame:
Whoſe Preſence, unconfin'd by Time or Place,
Fills all the vaſt Immenſity of Space.
He ſaw while Matter yet a Chaos lay:
The ſhapeleſs Chaos own'd his potent Sway.

His

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His single Fiat form'd th' amazing Whole,
And taught the new-born Planets where to roll:
With wise Direction curv'd their steady Course,
Impreſt the central and projectile Force,
Leſt in one Maſs their Orbs confus'd should run,
Drawn by th' attractive Virtue of the Sun,
Or quit the harmonious Round, and wildly stray
Beyond the Limits of his genial Ray.

To thee, *Endymion*, I devote my Song;
To Minds like thee, theſe Subjects beſt belong;
Whoſe curious Thoughts with active Freedom soar,
And trace the Wonders of creating Pow'r.
For this, some nobler Pen shall speak thy Fame;
But let the Muſe indulge a gentler Theme,
While pleas'd she tells thy more engaging Part,
Thy ſocial Temper and diffuſive Heart.
Unleſs theſe Charms their ſoft'ning Aid beſtow,
Science turns Pride, and Wit a common Foe.

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ANACREON. Ode XXX.

As young, &c.

THE *Muſes* once, intent on Play,
Young *Cupid* roving caught:
With flow'ry Wreaths his Hands comin'd,
And bound to *Beauty* brought.

Fond *Venus* ranges all the Plain,
To ſeek her little Joy:
And ſoon a pow'rful Ranſom brings,
To free th' impriſon'd Boy.

But tho' releas'd, the captive God
Refus'd to quit his Chains:
And ſtill to *Beauty*'s gentle Sway
A willing Slave remains.

On hearing Miſs ——— ſing.

SWEET *Echo*, vocal Nymph, whoſe mimic Tongue
Return'd the Muſic of my *Delia*'s Song,
O ſtill repeat the ſoft enchanting Lay
That gently ſteals the raviſh'd Soul away.
Shall Sounds like theſe in circling Air be toſt,
And in the Stream of vulgar Noiſes loſt?
Ye guardian *Sylphs*, who liſten while ſhe ſings,
Bear the ſweet Accents on your roſy Wings:
With ſtudious Care the fading Notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful Breath be ſpent in vain.
Yet, if too ſoon this tranſient Pleaſure fly,
A Charm more laſting ſhall the Loſs ſupply:
While Harmony, with each attractive Grace,
Plays in the fair Proportions of her Face;
Where each ſoft Air, engaging and ſerene,
Beats Meaſure to the well-tun'd Mind within:
Alike her Singing and her Silence move,
Whoſe Voice is Muſic, and whoſe Looks are Love.

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On the DEATH of Mrs. ROWE.

OFT' did Intrigue it's guilty Arts unite,
To blacken the Records of female Wit:
The tuneful Song loſt ev'ry modeſt Grace,
And lawleſs Freedoms triumph'd in their Place:
The Muſe, for Vices not her own accus'd,
With Bluſhes view'd her ſacred Gifts abus'd;
Thoſe Gifts for nobler Purpoſes aſſign'd,
To raiſe the Thoughts, and moralize the Mind;
The chaſte Delights of Virtue to inſpire,
And warm the Boſom with ſeraphic Fire;
Sublime the Paſſions, lend Devotion Wings,
And celebrate the firſt great CAUSE of Things.
Theſe glorious Taſks were *Philomela*'s Part,
Who charms the Fancy, and who mends the Heart.
In her was ev'ry bright Diſtinction join'd,
Whate'er adorns, or dignifies the Mind:
Her's ev'ry happy Elegance of Thought,
Refin'd by Virtue, as by Genius wrought.

Each

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Each low-born Care her pow'rful Strains controul,
And wake the nobler Motions of the Soul.
When to the vocal Wood or winding Stream,
She hymn'd th' Almighty AUTHOR of it's Frame,
Tranſported Echoes bore the Sounds along,
And all Creation liſten'd to the Song:
Full, as when raptur'd Seraphs ſtrike the Lyre;
Chaſte, as the Veſtal's conſecrated Fire;
Soft as the balmy Airs, that gently play
In the calm Sun-ſet of a vernal Day;
Sublime as Virtue; elegant as Wit;
As Fancy various; and as Beauty ſweet.
Applauding Angels with Attention hung,
To learn the heav'nly Accents from her Tongue:
They, in the midnight Hour, beheld her riſe
Beyond the Verge of ſublunary Skies;
Where, rap'd in Joys to mortal Senſe unknown,
She felt a Flame extatic as their own.

O while diſtinguiſh'd in the Realms above,
The bleſt Abode of Harmony and Love,
Thy happy Spirit joins the heav'nly Throng,
Glows with their Tranſports, and partakes their Song,

Fixt

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Fix'd on my Soul shall thy Example grow'd
And be my Genius and my Guide below:
To this I'll point my first, my noblest Views,
Thy spotless Verse shall regulate my Muse.
And O forgive, tho' faint the Transcript be,
That copies an Original like thee:
My justest Pride, my best Attempt for Fame,
That joins my own to *Philamela*'s Name.

To ——

WHILE thus my Thoughts their fondest Sense express,
And strive to make the tedious Hours seem less,
Say, shall these Lines the Name, I hide, impart,
And point their Author to my *Cynthia*'s Heart?
Will she, by correspondent Friendship, own
A Verse the Muse directs to her alone?
Dear Object of a Love whose fond Excess
No studied Forms of Language can express,
How vain those Arts which vulgar Cares controul
To banish thy Remembrance from my Soul!

Which

Which fixt and constant on it's fav'rite Throne,
In spite of Time and Distance is the same:
Still feels thy Absence equally severe,
Nor tastes without thee a Delight sincere.

Now cold *Aquarius* rules the frozen Sky,
And with pale Horrors strikes the chearless Eye;
Sooth'd by the melancholy Gloom I rove,
With lonely Footsteps thro' the leafless Grove;
While sullen Clouds the Face of Heav'n invest,
And, in rude Murmurs, howls the bleak *North-east*:
Ev'n here thy Image rises to my Sight,
And gilds the Shade with momentary Light:
It's magic Pow'r transforms the wintry Scene,
And gay as *Eden* blooms the faded Plain.

From Solitude to busy Crowds I fly,
And there each wild Amusement idly try:
Where laughing Folly sports in various Play,
And leads the Chorus of the Young and Gay.
But here the Fancy only takes a Part,
The giddy Mirth ne'er penetrates my Heart,
Which, cold, unmov'd by all I hear or see,
Steals from the Circle to converse with thee,

To

To calm Philoſophy I next retire,
And ſeek the Joys, her ſacred Arts inſpire,
Renounce the Frolics of unthinking Youth,
To court the more engaging Charms of Truth:
With *Plato* ſoar on Contemplation's Wing,
And trace Perfection to th' eternal Spring;
Obſerve the vital Emanations flow,
That animate each fair Degree below:
Whence Order, Elegance, and Beauty move
Each finer Senſe, that tunes the Mind to Love;
Whence all that Harmony, and Fire, that join,
To form a Temper, and a Soul like thine.
Thus thro' each diff'rent Track my Thoughts purſue,
Thy lov'd Idea ever meets my View,
Of ev'ry Joy, of ev'ry Wiſh a Part,
And rules each varying Motion of my Heart.
May Angels guard thee with diſtinguiſh'd Care,
And ev'ry Bleſſing be my *Cynthia*'s Share!
Thro' flow'ry Paths ſecurely may ſhe tread,
By Fortune follow'd, and by Virtue led;
While Health and Eaſe, in ev'ry Look expreſs,
The Glow of Beauty, and the Calm of Peace.

Let

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Let one bright Sunſhine form Life's vernal Day,
And clear and ſmiling be it's Ev'ning Ray.
Late may ſhe feel the ſofteſt Blaſt of Death,
As Roſes droop beneath a Zephyr's Breath,
Thus gently fading, peaceful reſt in Earth,
'Till the glad Spring of Nature's ſecond Birth:
Then quit the tranſient Winter of the Tomb,
To riſe and flouriſh in immortal Bloom.

To the SAME.

Occaſioned by an ODE written by Mrs. Philips.

NARCISSA! ſtill thro' ev'ry varying Name,
My conſtant Care and bright enliv'ning Theme,
In what ſoft Language ſhall the Muſe declare
The fond Extravagance of Love ſincere?
How all thoſe pleaſing Sentiments convey,
That charm my Fancy, when I think on thee?
A Theme like this *Orinda*'s Thoughts inſpir'd,
Nor leſs by Friendſhip, than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more perſuaſive Art
Explain th' agreeing Dictates of my Heart:

Sweet

Sweet may her Fame to late Remembrance bloom,
And everlasting Laurels shade her Tomb,
Whose spotless Verse with genuine Force exprest
The brightest Passion of the human Breast.

In what blest Clime, beneath what fav'ring Skies,
Did thy fair Form, propitious Friendship rise?
With mystic Sense, the Poet's tuneful Tongue
* *Urania*'s Birth in glitt'ring Fiction sung.
That *Paphos* Sist her smiling Presence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd it's happy Influence round.
With Hands united, and with Looks serene,
Th' attending *Graces* hail'd their new-born Queen;
The *Zephyrs* round her wav'd their purple Wing,
And shed the Fragrance of the breathing Spring:
The rosy *Hours*, advanc'd in silent Flight,
Led sparkling *Youth*, and ever-new *Delight*.
Soft sigh the Winds, the Waters gently roll,
A purer Azure vests the lucid Pole,
All Nature welcom'd in the beauteous Train,
And Heav'n and Earth smil'd conscious of the Scene.

* There were two VENUSES among the Ancients; one called PANDEMUS, to whom they attributed the Love of wild, disorderly Pleasures; the other named URANIA, the Patroness and Inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

But

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But long e'er *Paphos* roſe, or Poet ſung,
In heav'nly Breaſts the ſacred Paſſion ſprung:
The ſame bright Flames in raptur'd Seraphs glow,
As warm conſenting Tempers here below:
While one Attraction Mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the Uniſon of Minds:
Friendſhip her ſoft harmonious Touch affords,
And gently ſtrikes the ſympathetic Chords,
Th' agreeing Notes in ſocial Meaſures roll,
And the ſweet Concert flows from Soul to Soul.

By Heav'n's enthuſiaſtic Impulſe taught
What ſhining Viſions roſe on *Plato*'s Thought!
While by the Muſes gently winding Flood *,
His ſearching Fancy trac'd the ſov'reign Good!
The *laurel'd Siſters* touch'd the vocal Lyre,
And *Wiſdom's Goddeſs* led their tuneful Choir.
Beneath the genial *Platane*'s ſpreading Shade,
How ſweet the philoſophic Muſic play'd!
Thro' all the Grove, along the flow'ry Shore
The charming Sounds reſponſive Echoes bore.

* ILYSSUS, a River near ATHENS, dedicated to the Muſes. On the Banks of this River, under a Platane, PLATO lays the Scene of ſome of his Dialogues on Love and Beauty.

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Here, from the Cares of vulgar Life refin'd,
Immortal Pleaſures open'd on his Mind:
In gay Succeſſion to his raviſh'd Eyes
The animating Pow'rs of *Beauty* riſe;
On ev'ry Object round, above, below,
Quick to the Sight her vivid Colours glow:
Yet, not to Matter's ſhadowy Forms confin'd,
The *Fair* and *Good* he ſought remain'd behind:
'Till gradual riſing thro' the boundleſs Whole,
He view'd the blooming Graces of the Soul;
Where, to the Beam of intellectual Day,
The genuine Charms of *moral Beauty* play:
With pleaſing Force the ſtrong Attractions move
Each finer Senſe, and tune it into Love.

To the SAME.

APRIL the 9th.

STILL may this Morn with faireſt Luſtre riſe,
And find thee ſtill more happy and more wiſe:
The ſmiling Year with ſome new Pleaſure crown;
And add ſome Virtue to the paſt unknown;

E'en

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E'en that, whoſe future Progreſs ſhall deface
The tranſient Pride of each external Grace,
Survey the Soul more beauteous, young, and gay,
And chearful to the lateſt natal Day,
Which gilds the Ruins of declining Age,
And lights it ſafely to it's fartheſt Stage.

Where Roſes bluſh, and ſoft-wing'd Zephyrs play,
Thro' *Pleaſure*'s Walks if *Youth* unbounded ſtray,
Enjoy each Product of the vernal Hour,
Seize ev'ry Green, and rifle ev'ry Flow'r;
Tho' with each ſmiling Hue the Garland bloom,
And Fortune add her variegated Plume,
How ſoon, alas! the gay fantaſtic Wreath
Muſt wither on the pallid Brow of *Death!*
It's languid Sweets in mournful Duſt be laid,
And all it's unreviving Colours fade!

Thus the falſe Forms of Vanity deſcend,
And in the Gloom of long Oblivion end:
Unreal Fantoms, empty, void of Pow'r,
Borne on the fleeting Pinions of an Hour!
Defert in Death the diſappointed Mind,
Nor leave a Trace of Happineſs behind!

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O bleſt with Talents fitted to obtain
What wild unthinking Folly ſeeks in vain,
To whom, peculiarly indulgent, Heav'n
The nobleſt Means of Happineſs has giv'n,
From Joys unfixt, that in Poſſeſſion die
From *Falſhood*'s Path my dear *Narciſſa* fly.
See Faith with ſteady Light direct the Road
That leads unerring to the ſov'reign *Good:*
See Virtue's Hand immortal Joys beſtow,
That ever new in fair Succeſſion blow,
Nor dread, ſecure of undecaying Bloom,
The ineffectual Winter of the Tomb.
Such ſure Rewards the happy Choice attend
Form'd on our Nature's Origin and End.
Pure from th' eternal Source of Being came
That Ray divine, that lights the human Frame;
Yet oft, forgetful of it's heav'nly Birth,
It ſinks obſcur'd beneath the Weight of Earth:
Mechanic Pow'rs retard it's Flight, and hence
The Storms of *Paſſion*, and the Clouds of *Senſe:*
'Tis Life's great Taſk their Influence to controul,
And keep the native Splendor of the Soul:

From

From falſe Deſires which wild *Opinion* frames,
From raging *Folly*'s inconſiſtent Schemes,
To guard it ſafe, by thoſe unerring Laws,
That re-unite it to it's firſt Great Cauſe.

To this bright Mark may all thy Actions tend,
And Heav'n ſucceed the Wiſhes of a Friend,
Whoſe faithful Love directs it's tender Cares
Beyond the Flight of momentary Years:
Beyond the Grave, where vulgar Paſſions end,
To future Worlds it's nobler Views extend,
Which ſoon each Imperfection muſt remove,
And ev'ry Charm of Friendſhip ſhall improve.
'Till then, the Muſe eſſays the tuneful Art,
To fix her moral Leſſon on thy Heart,
Illume thy Soul with Virtue's brighteſt Flame,
And point it to that Heav'n from whence it came.

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To ——

Say, dear *Delia*, can thy gentle Mind,
In hoarding Crowds a genuine Pleasure find?
Amidst those Scenes the giddy World admires,
That Whim directs, and Levity inspires?
Where *Folly* with revolving Hour employs
In one mad Circle of unfinish'd Joys:
Her Bells the jingles and her Tinsel sparkle,
To please deluded Hearts, and flutt'ring Hands:
With Baubles she'd her trifling Race ate taught,
To kill that Foe to human Quiet, Thought.
With Vanity's fantastic Colours gay
In Youth's warm Sun the glitt'ring Insects play,
Careless how soon the wintry Blast must come
That sweeps their useless Beings to the Tomb.
Tir'd with unmeaning Sounds and painted Shows,
Which this vain Theatre of Life compose;
Let peaceful Thought to happier Scenes remove,
And seek the lov'd Retreat of *K*——*n* Grove;

Where

Where Nature sheds her vernal Sweets around,
And Fancy wanders o'er *Elysian* Ground.
Ye Flow'rs that bright in living Colours glow,
Ye Gales, which sweet o'er op'ning Roses blow,
Ye Lawns enliven'd by the solar Beam,
Ye Groves that wave o'er Contemplation's Dream:
How aptly were your peaceful Joys design'd
To match the Temper of *Bethia*'s Mind,
Which here, from Cares and busy Crowds remov'd,
Enjoy'd the calm Retirement that it lov'd.

But now no more these blooming Scenes excite
The finer Sense of elegant Delight:
The vernal Pride of drooping Nature fades,
No more *Bethia*'s Smiles illume the Shades;
No more with Music's soft prevailing Art
The beauteous Harmonist inchants the Heart,
Nor Zephyr wafts along the vocal Grove
Such Sounds as list'ning Angels might approve,
While her prevailing Lyre directs our Choice
To "long Eternity and purer Joys."

Ah! dear *Bethia*, how perverse the Fate
That drives thee far from this congenial State.

Why were theſe once tranſporting Pleaſures known,
Or why, alas! irreparably Flown!
Thus the vain Impotence of reaſoning Pride
Arraigns the preſent, blind to all beſide.
Yet Heav'n all wiſe, indulgently ſevere,
Which makes our trueſt Happineſs it's Care,
Theſe croſs Events of varying Life deſign'd,
To prove the latent Forces of the Mind:
Let human Bliſs an equal Tenor boaſt,
And half our Nature's Excellence is loſt.
Virtue by Fortune lull'd in ſoft Repoſe,
Is wak'd to Action by alarming Woes:
When in the Beam of Fate's unclouded Day,
She walks with *Pleaſure*, thro' the flow'ry Way,
She only ſhares a weak divided Fame,
Our erring Senſes think their Form the ſame;
O'er Sorrow's Night her Rays diſtinguiſh'd ſhine,
And Heav'n and Earth confeſs her Charms divine.
Still may her Aid each abſent Good ſupply,
Prompt the bright Hope, and check the riſing Sigh:
Tho' now the dark inclement Seaſons low'r,
Immortal Virtue mocks their feeble Pow'r:

Secur'd

Secur'd by Heav'n her fair Poſſeſſion lies,
Beyond the Gloom of ſublunary Skies.
There ſmiles the Spring in endleſs Verdure gay,
While *K*———*n*'s flow'ry Proſpects fade away,
And all my lov'd *Bethia* loſes here,
The blooming Walks of *Eden* ſhall repair.

A DIALOGUE.

SAYS *Body* to *Mind*, 'Tis amazing to ſee,
We're ſo nearly related yet never agree,
But lead a moſt wrangling ſtrange Sort of a Life,
As great Plagues to each other as Huſband and Wife.
The Fault is all your's, who with flagrant Oppreſſion,
Encroach ev'ry Day on my lawful Poſſeſſion.
The beſt Room in my Houſe you have ſeiz'd for your own,
And turn'd the whole Tenement quite upſide down,
While you hourly call in a diſorderly Crew
Of vagabond Rogues, who have nothing to do
But to run in and out, hurry ſcurry, and keep
Such a horrible Uproar, I can't get to ſleep.

There's

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There's my Kitchen sometimes is as empty as Sound,
I call for my Servants, not one's to be found:
They all are sent out on your Ladyship's Errand,
To fetch some more riotous Guests in, I warrant!
And since Things are growing, I see, worse and worse,
I'm determin'd to force you to alter your Course.

Poor *Mind*, who heard all with extreme Moderation,
Thought it now Time to speak, and make her Allegation.

'Tis I, that, methinks, have most Cause to complain,
Who am crampt and confin'd like a Slave in a Chain.
I did but step out, on some weighty Affairs,
To visit, last Night, my good Friends in the Stars.
When, before I was got half as high as the Moon,
You dispatch'd *Pain* and *Languor* to hurry me down;
Vi & Armis they seiz'd me, in Midst of my Flight,
And shut me in Caverns as dark as the Night.

'Twas no more, reply'd *Body*, than what you deserv'd,
While you rambled Abroad, I at Home was half starv'd:
And, unless I had closely confin'd you in Hold,
You had left me to perish with Hunger and Cold.

I've

I've a Friend, inferior Mind, who, tho' slow, is
yet sure,
And will rid me, at last, of your insolent Power:
Will knock down your Mud Walls, the whole Fabric
demolish,
And at once your strong Holds and my Slav'ry abolish:
And while in the Dust your dull Ruins decay,
I shall snap off my Chains, and fly freely away.

On the DEATH of MASTER ——.

How vain the Joys that human Pride elate,
Dependent on the slightest Chance of Fate!
Here all the flatt'ring Hopes of youthful Bloom
Untimely blasted, wither in the Tomb:
Grac'd with each Merit Years like his could boast,
Too soon discover'd, as too early lost:
Studious by ev'ry pleasing Art to prove,
Th' endearing Tenderness of filial Love,
Which guided still by Nature's gentlest Voice,
Prepar'd him for that Heav'n he now enjoys.

Yet

Yet let not Grief pronounce that Doom unjuſt,
Which lays a Parent's faireſt Hopes in Duſt;
The lovely Object of theſe ſelfiſh Tears,
Felt ev'ry Joy of Life without it's Cares;
To him the World diſplay'd it's firſt beſt Sight,
And touch'd his infant Senſes with Delight.
What more alas! had added Years to give?
To live for *Virtue* is alone to live:
And what that *Virtue*, but with painful Art,
To check the ſtrong Emotions of the Heart:
The Hydra Forms of Folly to ſubdue,
And ſtrive with Paſſions, which *he* never knew.
Heav'n, which the doubtful Conflict kindly ſpar'd,
Without the Toil, beſtow'd the bright Reward:
Death gently call'd him from his guiltleſs Play,
And clos'd his Eyes to wake in endleſs Day.
Let Grief ſubmit to Pow'r all good and wiſe,
And yield the ſpotleſs Victim to the Skies.

To ———.

On a WATCH.

UNLIKE the Triflers whoſe contracted View
Ne'er looks beyond a glitt'ring outſide Show,
In this Machine with moral Eyes ſurvey
How gliding Life ſteals ſilently away,
And, mindful of it's ſhort determin'd Space,
Improve the flying Moments, as they paſs.
See rolling Years with quick Diſpatch, decide
The tranſient Date of ſublunary Pride:
See Beauty, Genius, Fortune, Fair, Sublime,
Borne headlong down the rapid Stream of Time:
O'er their ſad Wrecks, along the fatal Shore,
Rapacious Death aſſerts his tyrant Pow'r;
There all their momentary Glories fade,
In dull Oblivion's everlaſting Shade.
Is all, that Nature or that Art can boaſt
In undiſtinguiſh'd, final Ruin loſt?

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Muſt All partake the ſame unalter'd Doom,
The Sport of Time, and Victims of the Tomb?
One only Good ſecure, unchang'd, defies
The giddy Whirl of ſublunary Skies;
Which ſee, uninfluenc'd by their wild Controul,
Offspring of Heav'n, the undecaying *Soul*.
To this unfailing Excellence devote
The Morn of Reaſon, and the Prime of Thought.
Tho' Youth and Beauty diff'rent Taſks perſuade,
That Youth muſt languiſh, and that Beauty fade:
Deſtructive Years no Graces leave behind,
But thoſe, which Virtue fixes in the Mind.
How vain the Want of real Worth to hide,
Each flatter'd Talent's ſuperficial Pride!
It's Touch in vain the mimic Pencil tries,
And Sounds harmonious from the Lyre ariſe,
As ſome fair Structure, rais'd by ſkilful Hand,
But weakly founded on the ſhaking Sand,
Securely ſtands, in ſculptur'd Foliage gay,
While vernal Airs around it's Columns play:
But ſoon the Rains deſcend, the Tempeſts beat,
And each unſolid Ornament defeat:

The

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The faithleſs Baſe betrays it's feeble Truſt,
And all the beauteous Trifle ſinks in Duſt:
So ſinks each Grace of Nature, and of Art,
Unprop'd by ſtrong Integrity of Heart!
Let idle Flutt'rers, miſerably gay,
In Dreſs and Trifling waſte their uſeleſs Day;
That Day, for nobler Exerciſes giv'n,
T' adorn the Soul for Happineſs and Heav'n:
Beyond the Triumph of theſe ſhadowy Charms,
Which ev'ry beating Pulſe of Time alarms,
To fairer Views let thy Ambition tend,
Our Nature's Glory, and our Being's End;
And ſeek from Beauties form'd on Virtue's Rules,
Th' Applauſe of Angels, not the Gaze of Fools.

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WHILE Night in ſolemn Shade inveſts the Pole,
And calm Reflexion ſoothes the penſive Soul;
While Reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her Sway,
And Life's deceitful Colours fade away:
To Thee! all-conſcious Preſence! I devote
This peaceful Interval of ſober Thought.
Here all my better Faculties confine,
And be this Hour of ſacred Silence, thine.
If by the Day's illuſive Scenes miſled,
My erring Soul from Virtue's Path has ſtray'd:
If by Example ſnar'd, by Paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe Delight my giddy Senſe has charm'd,
My calmer Thoughts the wretched Choice reprove,
And my beſt Hopes are center'd in thy Love.
Depriv'd of this, can Life one Joy afford!
It's utmoſt Boaſt a vain unmeaning Word.
But ah! how oft' my lawleſs Paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful Precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal Impulſe I abhor,
And violate the Virtue I adore!

Of a

Oft' when thy gracious Spirit's guardian Care
Warn'd my fond Soul to ſhun the tempting Snare,
My ſtubborn Will his gentle Aid repreſt,
And check'd the riſing Goodneſs in my Breaſt,
Mad with vain Hopes, or urg'd by falſe Deſires,
Still'd his ſoft Voice, and quench'd his ſacred Fires.
With Grief oppreſt, and proſtrate in the Duſt,
Should'ſt thou condemn, I own the Sentence juſt.
But oh thy ſofter Titles let me claim,
And plead my Cauſe by *Mercy*'s gentle Name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential Tear,
And diſſipates the Horrors of Deſpair:
From rig'rous *Juſtice* ſteals the vengeful Hour;
Softens the dreadful Attribute of Power;
Diſarms the Wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my Pardon in a *Saviour*'s Blood.
All-pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle Sway,
And teach my rebel Paſſions to obey:
Leſt lurking Folly, with inſidious Art
Regain my volatile inconſtant Heart.
Shall ev'ry high Reſolve Devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs Sounds and ſpecious Names?

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Oh rather while thy Hopes and Fears controul,
In this ſtill Hour, each Motion of my Soul,
Secure it's Safety by a ſudden Doom,
And be the ſoft Retreat of Sleep my Tomb.
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark Repoſe,
'Till the laſt Morn it's orient Beam diſcloſe:
Then, when the great Archangel's potent Sound,
Shall echo thro' Creation's ample Round,
Wak'd from the Sleep of Death, with Joy ſurvey
The op'ning Splendors of eternal Day.

ODES.

WITH reſtleſs Agitations toſt,
And low immers'd in Woes,
When ſhall my wild diſtemper'd Thoughts
Regain their loſt Repoſe?

Beneath the deep oppreſſive Gloom
My languid Spirits fade:
And all the drooping Pow'rs of Life
Decline to Death's cold Shade.

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O Thou! the Wretched's ſure Retreat,
  Theſe tort'ring Cares controul,
And with the chearful Smile of Peace,
  Revive my fainting Soul!

Did ever thy relenting Ear
  The humble Plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive Mis'ry ſigh,
  And ſupplicate in vain?

Oppreſt with Grief and Shame, diſſolv'd
  In penitential Tears,
Thy Goodneſs calms our reſtleſs Doubts,
  And diſſipates our Fears.

New Life, from thy refreſhing Grace
  Our ſinking Hearts receive;
Thy gentle, beſt lov'd Attribute
  To pity and forgive.

From that bleſt Source propitious *Hope*
  Appears ſerenely bright,
And ſheds her ſoft diffuſive Beam
  O'er Sorrow's diſmal Night.

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Diſpers'd by her ſuperior Force,
The ſullen Shades retire,
And op'ning Gleams of new-born Joy
The conſcious Soul inſpire.

My Griefs confeſs her vital Pow'r,
And bleſs the friendly Ray;
Fair *Phoſphor* to the ſmiling Morn
Of everlaſting Day.

Written at MIDNIGHT in a THUNDER STORM.

To ———

LET coward Guilt with pallid Fear,
To ſhelt'ring Caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful Fate,
That thunders thro' the Sky.

Protected by that Hand, whoſe Law
The threat'ning Storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the Blaze of Day.

In

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In the thick Cloud's tremendous Gloom,
The Light'nings lurid Glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Pow'r,
That breathes the vernal Air.

Thro' Nature's ever varying Scene,
By diff'rent Ways purſu'd,
The one eternal End of Heav'n
Is univerſal Good.

The ſame unchanging Mercy rules
When flaming Æther glows,
As when it tunes the Linnet's Voice,
Or bluſhes in the Roſe.

By Reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe Fears
That vulgar Minds moleſt;
Let no fantaſtic Terrors break
My dear *Narciſſa*'s Reſt.

Thy Life may all the tend'reſt Care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated Angels round
Their guardian Wings extend.

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When, thro' Creation's vaſt Expanſe,
The laſt dread Thunders roll,
Untune the Concord of the Spheres,
And ſhake the riſing Soul:

Unmov'd mayſt thou the final Storm,
Of jarring Worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad Serene
Of everlaſting Day.

Written Extempore on the SEA-SHORE.

THOU reſtleſs fluctuating Deep,
Expreſſive of the human Mind,
In thy for ever varying Form,
My own inconſtant Self I find.

How ſoft now flow thy peaceful Waves,
In juſt Gradations to the Shore:
While on thy Brow, unclouded ſhines
The Regent of the midnight Hour.

Bleſt

Bleſt Emblem of that equal State,
Which I this Moment feel within:
Were Thought to Thought ſucceeding rolls,
And all is placid and ſerene.

As o'er thy ſmoothly flowing Tide,
Their Light the trembling Moon-Beams dart,
My lov'd *Eudocia*'s Image ſmiles,
And gayly brightens all my Heart.

But ah! this flatt'ring Scene of Peace,
By neither can be long poſſeſt,
When *Eurus* breaks thy tranſient Calm,
And riſing Sorrows ſhake my Breaſt.

Obſcur'd thy *Cynthia*'s Silver Ray
When Clouds oppoſing intervene:
And ev'ry Joy that Friendſhip gives
Shall fade beneath the Gloom of Spleen.

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To ———.

On his Deſign of cutting down a SHADY WALK.

IN plaintive Notes, that tun'd to Woe
The ſadly ſighing Breeze,
A weeping Hamadryad mourn'd,
Her Fate-devoted Trees.

Ah! Stop thy ſacrilegious Hand,
Nor violate the Shade,
Where Nature form'd a ſilent Haunt,
For Contemplation's Aid.

Canſt thou, the Son of Science, train'd
Where learned *Iſis* flows,
Forget, that nurs'd in ſhelt'ring Groves
The *Grecian* Genius roſe.

Beneath the *Platane*'s ſpreading Branch,
Immortal *Plato* taught:
And fair *Lyceum* form'd the Depth
Of *Ariſtotle*'s Thought.

To

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To *Latian* Groves reflect thy View,
And bleſs the *Tuſcan* Gloom:
Where *Eloquence* deplor'd the Fate
Of Liberty and *Rome*.

Within the *Beechen* Shade retir'd,
From each inſpiring Bough,
The Muſes wove unfading Wreaths,
To circle *Virgil*'s Brow.

Reflect, before the fatal Ax
My threatned Doom has wrought:
Nor ſacrifice to ſenſual Taſte,
The nobler Growth of Thought.

Not all the glowing Fruits, that bluſh
On *India*'s ſunny Coaſt,
Can recompenſe thee for the Worth
Of one Idea loſt.

My Shade a Produce may ſupply,
Unknown to ſolar Fire:
And what excludes *Apollo*'s Rays,
Shall harmonize his Lyre.

From

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From Miſs ——————.

ELIZA bids me boldly try
To pluck the Laurel Bough,
And with unfading Garlands deck
My unambitious Brow.

When Friendſhip's Voice thus ſoothing calls
Thro' Vanity to ſtray,
Tho' conſcious of the raſh Attempt,
I readily obey.

With Steps by her Injunctions wing'd,
I ſeek th' immortal Grove:
Leſs prompted by Deſire of Fame,
Than fond complying Love.

Th' offended Laurel ſeem'd to ſhrink,
As trembling I drew near:
The vocal Leaves theſe Sounds convey'd
To my attentive Ear:

" Raſh

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" Raſh Spoiler ceaſe, nor let thy Hands
" My ſacred Branch profane:
" Theſe Honours to the Wife belong,
" Not to the Weak and Vain."

To Miſs ——,

In ANSWER to the foregoing.

LET not ungentle *Daphne*'s Scorn
Thy riſing Hopes reſtrain:
Apollo, Pow'r of Wit and Verſe,
Her Favour ſu'd in vain.

Tho' rude at firſt, the ſacred Branch
Of Honour ſhe denies,
Repeated Efforts ſhall prevail,
And gain the beauteous Prize.

That beauteous Prize the patient Toils
Of *Perſeverance* claim;
Whoſe Hand alone muſt weave the Wreath
Of undecaying Fame.

Far

Far from the downy Bed of Sloth
The tuneful Sifters fly;
Whoſe Soul-refining Arts, each Grace
Of poliſh'd Life ſupply.

At gay *Aurora*'s early Call
Their pleaſing Labours riſe:
Nor ceaſe when *Veſper*'s ſilent Beam
Illumes the Weſtern Skies.

At firſt, thro' Paths perplex'd and rude
Their trembling Vot'ries tread:
But ſoon confeſs the tedious Way,
And ev'ry Toil, repaid;

When ſafe, beyond the Storms of Life,
Before their raviſh'd Eyes,
The fair poetic Land of Joy
In ſmiling Proſpect lies.

There vernal Airs eternal play,
To mortal Climes unknown:
And Flow'rs in living Colours glow
Beneath a brighter Sun.

There

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There Forms, that never ſtruck the Senſe
Of vulgar Sight, appear:
And Muſic breathes, that never charm'd
The dull untutor'd Ear.

No puzzling Schemes of low-born Care
Diſtract the peaceful Mind,
Whoſe Thoughts are by the gentle Pow'rs
Of Harmony refin'd.

No longer, then, the faithful Voice
Of ſoothing Friendſhip blame:
But follow, where the Muſes lead,
To Happineſs and Fame.

To Miſs ——.

From her GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FROM Climes, where one eternal Spring
Emblooms the verdant Year,
See, watchful o'er his beauteous Charge,
Thy Guardian Pow'r appear.

Thy

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Thy infant Hours, to Heav'n ordain'd,
Engag'd my tender Care:
And still unwearied I attend,
To point the hidden Snare.

O listen to my faithful Voice,
Which, mov'd by sacred Truth,
From fading Joys to real Good,
Shall guide thy careless Youth.

Seek not from Charms of mortal Birth
To purchase empty Fame:
With early Wisdom learn to trace
Thy Being's nobler Aim.

While fighting Crouds of rivaly Youths
Their idle Homage pay,
Reflect, how soon the transient Reign
Of Beauty must decay.

By Nature's unrelenting Law
Is fixt it's certain Date:
Nor Flatt'ry's unavailing Breath,
Can change eternal Fate.

Amidst

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Amidſt the frolic Sports of Youth,
Some laſting Charm engage,
To gild the ſolitary Gloom
Of unadmir'd Old Age.

To *Time*'s inexorable Pow'r
Has Heav'n's Decree conſign'd,
All but the undecaying Bloom
Of fair, immortal *Mind*.

While Vanity's fantaſtic Schemes
The gay Coquet employ,
Let Virtue's nobler Study form
My *Ethelinda*'s Joy.

For Folly's Tranſports of an Hour,
And low-deſigning Art,
Be Reaſon's ſober Pleaſures thine,
And Innocence of Heart.

Tho' Charms thus modeſt and retir'd
Attract no Coxcomb's Sight,
Applauding Angels own their Worth,
And view them with Delight.

SONETTO

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SONETTO PROEMIALE.

Del Abate METASTASIO.

Sogni, e Favole io fingo, e pure in Carte
Mentre Favole e Sogni orno e disegno,
In lor, folle ch' io son! prendo tal parte
Che del mal ch' inventai, piango e mi sdegno.

Ma forse ch' allor che non m'inganna l'arte
Più saggio io sono; è l'agitato Ingegno
Forse allor più tranquillo? o forse parte
Da più salda Cagion l'Amor, lo sdegno?

Ah che non sol quello ch' io Canto, e Scrivo
Favole son; ma quanto Temo o Spero
Tutto è Menzogna: e delirando io vivo

Sogno

TRANSLATED.

FABLES and Dreams my ſportive Genius feigns:
Yet Dreams and Fables while I range with Art,
Caught by their magic Force, to ſerious Pains
Th' inventive Head betrays the ſimple Heart:
Imagin'd Woes with real Grief I mourn,
Imagin'd Wrongs reſent with real Scorn.

Yet, when by *Fancy*'s Influence unconfin'd,
Does *Wiſdom* give my throbbing Boſom Laws?
Do calmer Thoughts compoſe my ruffled Mind?
Springs Love or Anger from a better Cauſe?

Ah! not alone the *Muſe*'s gay Deceit
Is empty Fable, but my Hopes and Fears:
This buſy Scene is one perpetual Cheat,
One wild Delirium all my fruitleſs Years!

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Sogno della mea vita è il Corſo intero
Deh Tu Signor, quando a deſtarmi arrivo,
Fa ch' io trovi Ripoſo in Sen del vero.

CANZONE

Del Abate METASTASIO.

I.

Ecco quel fiero Iſtante
Nice, mia Nice addio!
Come viv'rò Ben mio
Così lontan da tè?
Io vivro ſempre in pene,
Io non avrò più Bene,
E tu, chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me?

II.

Soffri, ch' in Traccio almeno
Di mia perduta pace,
Venga il penſier ſeguace
Sul' orme del tuo piè:

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An idle Dream is all I act or ſpeak,
The Cares of Age, the vivid Starts of Youth:
Thou! when from Folly's fev'riſh Sleep I wake,
Great God! compoſe me in the Arms of Truth!

TRANSLATED.

I.

Ah *Delia!* ſee the fatal Hour,
Farewel my Soul's Delight!
But how ſhall wretched *Damon* live,
Thus baniſh'd from thy Sight?
To my fond Heart no rival Joy
Supplies the Loſs of thee:
But who can tell if thou, my Dear,
Wilt e'er remember me?

II.

Yet, while my reſtleſs wand'ring Thoughts
Purſue their loſt Repoſe,
Unwearied may they trace the Path
Where'er my *Delia* goes.

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Sempre nel tuo Camino,
Sempre m' avrai vicino.
E tu, &c.

III.

Io fra romite Sponde,
Mesto volgendo i passi,
Andro Chiedendo a i Sassi,
La Ninfa mia dov' è?
Dal un a l' altra Aurora,
I' andrò Chiamando ognora.
E tu, &c.

IV.

Io rivedrò Sovente,
Le amene Spiagge, o Nice,
Ove Vivea felice,
Quando Vivea con te.
A mi saran Tormento,
Cento Memorie e cento
E tu, &c.

Quanti

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For ever *Damon* ſhall be there,
Attendant on thy Way,
But who can tell, &c.

III.

Alone thro' unfrequented Wilds,
With penſive Steps I rove;
I aſk the Rocks, I aſk the Streams,
Where dwells my abſent Love?
The ſilent Eve, the roſy Morn,
My conſtant Search ſurvey;
But who can tell, &c.

IV.

Oft I'll review the ſmiling Scene,
Each fav'rite Brook and Tree,
Where gayly paſt the happy Hours,
Thoſe Hours I paſt with thee.
What painful, fond Memorials riſe
From ev'ry Place I ſee!
But who, &c.

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V.

Quanti vedrai, giungendo
Al nuovo tuo Soggiorno,
Quanti venirti intorno,
Ed offrirti Amor e Fè:
Ah Dio! che ſa, fra tanti
Tenere Omaggi e pianti,
Ah Dio! che ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di me?

VI.

Penſa qual dolce Strale,
Cara, mi laſci in Seno:
Penſa ch' ama Fileno,
Senza Sperar Mercè.
Penſa, mia Nice, a queſto
Barbaro Adio funeſto,
Penſa —— ah chi ſa ſe mai
Ti ſovverrai di mę!

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V.

How many rival Vot'ries ſoon
Their ſoft Addreſs ſhall move,
Surround thee in thy new Abode,
And tempt thy Soul to Love.
Ah, who can tell, while ſighing Crouds
Their tender Homage pay,
Ah, who can tell, if thou, my Dear,
Wilt then remember me!

VI.

Think, *Delia*, with how deep a Wound,
The ſweetly-painful Dart,
Which thy Remembrance leaves behind,
Has pierc'd a hopeleſs Heart.
Think on this fatal, ſad Adieu,
That ſevers me from thee:
Think — Ah who knows, if thou, my Love,
Wilt ever think on me!

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To Miſs ——.

On a WATCH.

WHILE this gay Toy attracts thy Sight,
Thy Reaſon let it warn;
And ſeize, my Dear, that rapid Time
That never muſt return.

If idly loſt, no Art or Care
The Bleſſing can reſtore:
And Heav'n exacts a ſtrict Account
For ev'ry miſ-ſpent Hour.

Short is our longeſt Day of Life,
And ſoon it's Proſpects end:
Yet, on that Day's uncertain Date
Eternal Years depend.

Yet equal to our Being's Aim
The Space to Virtue giv'n:
And ev'ry Minute well improv'd
Secures an Age in Heav'n.

To

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To ——————.

WELL did my dear *Myrtilla*'s Pray'r,
To guardian Heav'n's protecting Care
Her wand'ring Friend commit:
Whoſe Steps by faithleſs Eyes miſled,
Bewilder'd in the dubious Shade,
The well-known Path-way quit.

What could I do? perplex'd, alone,
In vain the Conſtellations ſhone,
Too weak to mark my Way:
No Guide the choral Pleiads gave,
And beauteous ſmil'd the Star of Eve
With ineffectual Ray.

'Tis dreary Solitude around:
To chear my Hopes no Village Sound,
No Taper thro' the Trees:
The diſtant Waters murm'ring roll,
Dire ſung the lamentable Owl,
And faintly ſigh'd the Breeze.

But

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But ſoon, in diff'rent Notes, too near,
Diſcordant Voices ſtun my Ear,
With formidable Roar;
The lawleſs Crew of revelling Sin,
Their midnight Orgies now begin,
To *Bacchus'* frantic Pow'r.

Yet, tho' by Fear confus'd and loſt,
My Path no Son of Riot croſt,
Unhurt I paſs the Gloom:
Unconſcious where, or how I fled
By watchful Providence convey'd,
I gain my wiſh'd-for Home.

In Life's long Journey as we tend,
The ſame all gracious Pow'r defend,
And lead us ſafely thro'!
Protect when threat'ning Fears aſſail,
And where the Lights of Reaſon fail,
A ſurer Guide beſtow!

Whether in flow'ry Paths we ſtray,
Or labour thro' a gloomy Way

Perplexing

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Perplexing and unev'n:
Thro' Paſſion's Snare, and Error's Night,
Conduct our falt'ring Steps aright
To reach their native Heav'n.

To ——.

WHILE ſoft thro' Water, Earth, and Air
The vernal Spirits rove,
From noiſy Joys, and giddy Crowds,
To rural Scenes remove.

The Mountain Snows are all diſſolv'd,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring Gale:
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe,
Along the flow'ry Vale.

The circling Planets conſtant Rounds
The wintry Waſtes repair:
And ſtill, from temporary Death,
Renew the verdant Year.

But

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But ah! when once our tranſient Bloom,
The Spring of Life is o'er,
That roſy Seaſon takes it's Flight,
And muſt return no more.

Yet judge by Reaſon's ſober Rules,
From falſe Opinion free,
And mark how little, pilf'ring Years
Can ſteal from you, or me.

Each moral Pleaſure of the Heart,
Each laſting Charm of Truth,
Depends not on the giddy Aid,
Of wild, inconſtant Youth.

The vain Coquet, whoſe empty Pride
A fading Face ſupplies,
May juſtly dread the wintry Gloom,
Where all it's Glory dies.

Leave Such a Ruin to deplore,
To fading Forms confin'd;
Nor Age, nor Wrinkles diſcompoſe
One Feature of the Mind.

Amidſt

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Amidſt the univerſal Change
Unconſcious of Decay,
It views unmov'd, the Scythe of Time
Sweep all beſides away.

Fixt on it's own eternal Frame,
Eternal are it's Joys:
While, borne on tranſitory Wings,
Each mortal Pleaſure flies.

While ev'ry ſhort-liv'd Flower of Senſe
Deſtructive Years conſume,
Thro' Friendſhip's fair enchanting Walks
Unfading Myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow Bounds of Time,
The beauteous Proſpect ends,
But lengthen'd thro' the Vale of Death,
To Paradiſe extends.

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To the Rev. Dr. CARTER.

Cauſa fuit Pater his ——————

HOR.

THOU by whoſe Fondneſs, and paternal Care
Diſtinguiſh'd Bleſſings glad my chearful Days,
While firſt my Thoughts indulgent Heav'n revere,
Receive the ſecond Tribute of my Praiſe.

Thy Hand my infant Mind to Science form'd,
And gently led it thro' the thorny Road:
With Love of Wiſdom, and of Virtue warm'd,
And turn'd, from idle Toys, to real Good.

O Gift beyond Ambition's giddy Aim,
Superior to the envy'd Blaze of Wealth,
The loudeſt Triumphs of applauding Fame,
And ev'ry Joy of idly laviſh'd Health!

Whate'er the tuneful Muſe, or penſive Sage
To Fancy warbled, or to Reaſon ſhow'd,
The treaſur'd Stores of each enlighten'd Age
My ſtudious Search to thy Direction ow'd.

Ne'er

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Ne'er did thy Voice assume a Master's Pow'r,
Nor force Assent to what thy Precepts taught;
But bid my independent Spirit soar,
In all the Freedom of unfetter'd Thought.

Nor e'er by blind Constraint and servile Awe,
Compell'd to act a cold external Part:
But fixt my Duties by that sacred Law,
That rules the secret Movements of the Heart.

Bleft *Law of Liberty!* with gentle Lead
To regulate our erring Nature giv'n,
And vindicate, from slavish human Dread,
The unreserv'd Obedience due to Heav'n.

Still be that sacred Law my faithful Guide,
Conduct my Actions, and my Soul engage:
Then ev'ry generous Care, thy Youth apply'd,
Shall form the Comfort of declining Age.

Written

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Written at an ORATORIO.

YE Pow'rs of Harmony, whoſe gentle Aid
Could once the fineſt Senſe of Joy excite,
Where now is all your vital Influence fled,
Where vaniſh'd ev'ry elegant Delight!

Me better fits in unfrequented Waſtes,
To ſooth each tender Sentiment of Woe,
Where, in ſad Concert ſigh the wintry Blaſts,
And dying Streams in plaintive Numbers flow.

Or, lonely wand'ring o'er the dewy Plain,
By penſive *Cynthia's* melancholy Light,
I'll fly from Muſic's ineffectual Strain,
Attentive to the wailing Bird of Night.

To me how taſteleſs ev'ry Scene of Joy,
The vacant Heart by happy Impulſe feels:
While mine, which Thoughts of genuine Grief employ,
From chearful Crowds, to drear Retirement ſteals.

There

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There, hapleſs Coward in the doubtful Strife
My fainting Pow'rs each active Function leave,
I droop beneath the dull Fatigue of Life,
And wiſh the peaceful Refuge of the Grave.

Impatient Wiſh, ſhall Suff'rers of an Hour,
With impious Voice ungratefully complain,
Forgetful that the gracious Hand of Pow'r,
With happy Ages pays the tranſient Pain!

To ——

The Midnight Moon ſerenely ſmiles,
O'er Nature's ſoft Repoſe;
No low'ring Cloud obſcures the Sky,
Nor ruffling Tempeſt blows.

Now ev'ry Paſſion ſinks to Reſt,
The throbbing Heart lies ſtill:
And varying Schemes of Life no more
Diſtract the lab'ring Will.

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In Silence hush'd, to Reason's Voice,
Attends each mental Pow'r:
Come dear *Emilia*, and enjoy
Reflexion's fav'rite Hour.

Come: while the peaceful Scene invites,
Let's search this ample Round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting Form
Of *Happiness* be found?

Does it amidst the frolic Mirth
Of gay Assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn Gloom,
That shades the Hermit's Cell?

How oft the laughing Brow of Joy
A sick'ning Heart conceals!
And thro' the Cloister's deep Recess,
Invading Sorrow steals.

In vain thro' Beauty, Fortune, Wit,
The Fugitive we trace:
It dwells not in the faithless Smile,
That brightens *Clodia*'s Face.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Joy to theſe deny'd,
The Heart in Friendſhip finds:
Ah! dear Deluſion! gay Conceit
Of viſionary Minds!

Howe'er our varying Notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place it's Being in ſome State,
At Diſtance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent Aim,
Of Pow'r ſupremely wiſe,
Who fancy Happineſs in ought
The Hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the Joy we ſeek,
And vain what we poſſeſs,
Unleſs harmonious Reaſon tunes
The Paſſions into Peace.

To temper'd Wiſhes, juſt Deſires
Is Happineſs confin'd,
And deaf to Folly's Call, attends
The Muſic of the Mind.

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To Mrs. ——.

Occaſioned by the Sight of ſome VERSES addreſſed to ——.

O'ER theſe ſoft Lines the drooping *Graces* ſigh,
And injur'd *Love* his roſy Chaplet tears:
The uſeleſs Luſtre fades in *Beauty*'s Eye,
And *Genius*, while it frames the Verſe, deſpairs.

Were theſe the patient Suff'rer's only Boaſt,
How deep the Ruin! how ſevere the Smart!
When all, that charms the World beſide, is loſt
On taſteleſs *Damon*'s cold, unfeeling Heart.

Yet tho' from theſe the faithleſs Rover flies,
On ſurer Aids her better Hopes depend;
While fickle human Paſſions fall and riſe,
Secure of fixing *one* unfailing Friend.

Acquaint thyſelf with Him, and be at Peace,
To his attentive Ear thy Griefs confide:
His tender Care each throbbing Pain ſhall eaſe,
His Arm ſuſtain thee, and his Counſel guide.

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No cold Neglect the faithful Heart repays,
Whose stedfast Aim solicits *his* Regard:
Each Wish for Merit, each Attempt to please
He views, and his approving Smiles reward.

Thro' ev'ry changing Scene his constant Love
Alike shall make it's happy Object blest:
Shall ev'ry Joy of active Life improve,
And sooth it's latest Agonies to Rest.

When Youth and Beauty deck that Form no more,
And Time, at length, shall claim what long it spares,
His vital Smile shall ev'ry Charm restore,
And bid them bloom thro' everlasting Years.

'Till then the Hope, by *Damon*'s Vows betray'd,
And wand'ring long on Passion's stormy Seas,
By *his* unerring Guidance safely led,
Shall fix her Anchor on the Rock of Peace.

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To ———.

Ηνιδε σιγα μεν ποντος, σιγωνται δ' ανται.

THEOC.

HOW ſweet the Calm of this ſequeſter'd Shore,
Where ebbing Waters muſically roll;
And Solitude, and ſilent Eve reſtore
The philoſophic Temper of the Soul.

The ſighing Gale, whoſe Murmurs lull to Reſt
The buſy Tumult of declining Day,
To ſympathetic Quiet ſooths the Breaſt,
And ev'ry wild Emotion dies away.

Farewel the Objects of diurnal Care,
Your Taſk be ended with the ſetting Sun:
Let all be undiſturb'd Vacation here,
While o'er yon Wave aſcends the peaceful Moon.

What beauteous Viſions o'er the ſoften'd Heart,
In this ſtill Moment all their Charms diffuſe!
Serener Joys, and brighter Hopes impart,
And chear the Soul with more than mortal Views.

Here,

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Here, faithful Mem'ry wakens all her Pow'rs,
She bids her fair ideal Forms aſcend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd Thought reſtores
The ſocial Virtue, and the abſent Friend.

Come *Muſidora*, come, and with me ſhare
The ſober Pleaſures of this ſolemn Scene,
While no rude Tempeſt clouds the ruffled Air,
But all, like thee, is ſmiling and ſerene.

Come, while the cool, the ſolitary Hours
Each fooliſh Care, and giddy Wiſh controul,
With all thy ſoft Perſuaſion's wonted Pow'rs,
Beyond the Stars tranſport my liſtening Soul.

Oft, when on Earth detain'd by empty Show,
Thy Voice has taught the Trifler how to riſe;
Taught her to look with Scorn on Things below,
And ſeek her better Portion in the Skies.

Come: and the ſacred Eloquence repeat:
The World ſhall vaniſh at it's gentle Sound,
Angelic Forms ſhall viſit this Retreat,
And op'ning Heav'n diffuſe it's Glories round.

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To ———.

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam Homini ſatis
Cautum eſt in Horas———
———improviſa Leti
Vis rapuit, rapietque Gentes.

HOR.

AH! why with reſtleſs, anxious Search explore,
Thro' diſtant Realms the Progreſs of Diſeaſe?
In ev'ry Clime, with like deſtructive Pow'r
The Hand of *Death* his hapleſs Prey ſhall ſeize.

Not more remote where genial Suns ariſe,
And healthful Airs o'er fragant Bloſſoms play,
Than where the putrid Vapour blaſts the Skies,
And ſpreads Infection o'er the lurid Day.

Where ſprightly Youth, and blooming Beauty ſport,
He joins the Chorus, and partakes the Show:
And where the Graces and the Loves reſort,
Amidſt their Roſes, twines his Cypreſs Bough.

The

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The Bowl He ſnatches from ungovern'd Joy,
Where Riot calls, a quick, rapacious Gueſt:
And, ſlowly-ſure, his lurking Arts deſtroy
The ſolitary Hermit's frugal Feaſt.

To what bleſt Realm can trembling Fear retire,
Unconſcious of his univerſal Sway?
Then why with anxious fruitleſs Search enquire
Who firſt, or laſt, muſt fall his deſtin'd Prey?

Yes: One bleſt Realm ſhall grant a ſafe Retreat,
One faithful Guide the *living Way* ſupply:
To his Direction let the Soul ſubmit,
And calmly yield to *Death* whate'er can die.

To Mrs. ———.

WHERE are thoſe Hours, on roſy Pinions borne,
Which brought to ev'ry guiltleſs Wiſh Succeſs?
When Pleaſure gladden'd each returning Morn,
And ev'ry Ev'ning clos'd in Calms of Peace.

How

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How ſmil'd each Object, when by Friendſhip led,
Thro' flow'ry Paths we wander'd unconfin'd:
Enjoy'd each airy Hill, or ſolemn Shade,
And left the buſtling empty World behind.

With philoſophic, ſocial Senſe ſurvey'd
The Noon-day Sky in brighter Colours ſhone:
And ſofter o'er the dewy Landſcape play'd
The peaceful Radiance of the ſilent Moon.

Thoſe Hours are vaniſh'd with the changing Year,
And dark *December* clouds the Summer Scene:
Perhaps, alas! for ever vaniſh'd here,
No more to bleſs diſtinguiſh'd Life again.

Yet not like thoſe by thoughtleſs Folly drown'd,
In blank Oblivion's ſullen, ſtagnant Deep,
Where, never more to paſs their fated Bound,
The Ruins of neglected Being ſleep.

But laſting Traces mark the happier Hours,
Which active Zeal in Life's great Taſk employs:
Which Science from the Waſte of Time ſecures,
Or various Fancy gratefully enjoys.

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O ſtill be ours to each Improvement giv'n,
Which Friendſhip doubly to the Heart endears:
Thoſe Hours, when baniſh'd hence, ſhall fly to Heav'n,
And claim the Promiſe of eternal Years.

To the EARL of *BATH.*

BRIGHT are the Beams, meridian Suns diffuſe,
Yet drooping Nature mourns their Force ſevere:
And hails the gentle Fall of Ev'ning Dews,
Whoſe cooling Drops the wither'd World repair.

Bright is our mortal Being's Noon-tide State,
The glowing Breaſt when new-born Spirits fire:
When vaſt Deſigns th' aſpiring Soul elate,
And fair Atchievements ev'ry Wiſh inſpire.

While unrelax'd the Springs of Action play,
And gay Succeſs on raptur'd Fancy ſmiles,
She bids all Dangers and all Doubts give way,
To crown the Hero's, or the Stateſman's Toils.

Untaught

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Untaught what croſs Events the Wiſe confound,
How Time and Chance the Boaſt of Pow'r deride,
Exulting Hope o'erleaps the fated Bound,
By Imperfection fixt to human Pride.

Subdu'd at length beneath laborious Life,
With Paſſion ſtruggling, and by Care depreſt,
In peaceful *Age*, that ends the various Strife,
The harraſs'd Virtues gladly ſink to Reſt.

Yet not in flow'ry Indolence reclin'd,
They waſte the important Gift of ſober Hours:
To ev'ry State has Heav'n it's Taſk aſſign'd,
To ev'ry Taſk aſſign'd it's needful Pow'rs.

Within the fun'ral Cypreſs awful Gloom,
Shall Pleaſure her fantaſtic Garlands wreathe?
Shall giddy Mirth profane the neighb'ring Tomb,
And Folly riot in the Vale of Death?

For better Purpoſes, to favour'd Man
Is Length of Days, tremendous Bleſſing! given;
To regulate our Life's diſorder'd Plan,
And purify the blemiſh'd Soul for Heav'n.

For

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For oft, alas! amidſt our faireſt Aim,
The buſy Paſſions mix their fatal Art,
Perplex defective Virtue's genuine Scheme,
And ſlyly warp the unſuſpecting Heart.

Oft too, by inconſiſtent Crouds miſled,
Our devious Steps thro' winding Mazes ſtray:
How few the ſimple Path of Duty tread,
And ſtedfaſt keep their Heav'n-directed Way!

With calm Severity, unpaſſion'd Age
Detects the ſpecious Fallacies of Youth:
Reviews the Motives, which no more engage,
And weighs each Action in the Scale of Truth.

The Soul no more on mortal Good relies,
But nobler Objects urge her Hopes and Fears,
And, ſick of Folly, views no tempting Prize
Beneath the radiant Circle of the Stars.

How bleſt, who thus by added Years improv'd,
With cautious Steps their lengthen'd Journey tread:
And, from the Taſk of ſultry Life remov'd,
Converſe with Wiſdom in it's Ev'ning Shade.

Such,

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Such, gracious Heav'n! be *Pulteney*'s ſetting Day,
And chearful Peace it's various Labours cloſe:
May no dark Cloud obſcure it's ſoften'd Ray,
Nor ruffling Tempeſt ſhake it's calm Repoſe.

Amidſt the Waſte of Years, preſerve intire
The undecaying Spirit's nobler Part,
The vivid Spark of intellectual Fire,
And all the gentler Graces of the Heart.

When late he ſinks beneath the common Doom,
May ſacred Hope attend his parting Breath:
May Virtue gild his Paſſage to the Tomb,
And pow'rful Faith diſarm the Dart of Death.

ODE

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ODE to MELANCHOLY.

Ιω Σκοτος εμων φαος, κρυπτος
Ω φαεινον ως εμοι
Ελεσθ' ελεσθ' οικτιρμα
Ελεσθε μ'—— SOPHOCLES.

COME Melancholy! silent Pow'r,
Companion of my lonely Hour,
To sober Thought confin'd:
Thou sweetly-sad ideal Gueſt,
In all thy soothing Charms confeſt,
Indulge my pensive Mood.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
The Tides of Mirth, that ebb and flow,
In Folly's noisy Stream:
I from the busy Croud retire,
To court the Objects that inspire
Thy philosophic Dream.

Thro'

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Thro' yon dark Grove of mournful Yews
With ſolitary Steps I muſe,
By thy Direction led:
Here, cold to Pleaſure's tempting Forms;
Conſociate with my Sifter-worms,
And mingle with the Dead.

Ye Midnight Horrors! Awful Gloom!
Ye ſilent Regions of the Tomb;
My future peaceful Bed:
Here ſhall my weary Eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry Sorrow lie repos'd
In Death's refreſhing Shade.

Ye pale-Inhabitants of Night,
Before my intellectual Sight
In ſolemn Pomp aſcend:
O tell how trifling now appears
The Train of idle Hopes and Fears
That varying Life attend.

Ye faithleſs Idols of our Senſe,
Here own how vain your fond Pretence,

Ye

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Ye empty Names of Joy!
Your tranſient Forms like Shadows paſs,
Frail Offspring of the magic Glaſs,
Before the mental Eye.

The dazzling Colours, falſely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar Sight
With ſuperficial State:
Thro' Reaſon's clearer Optics view'd,
How ſtript of all it's Pomp, how rude
Appears the painted Cheat.

Can wild Ambition's Tyrant Pow'r,
Or ill-got Wealth's ſuperfluous Store,
The Dread of Death controul?
Can Pleaſure's more bewitching Charms
Avert, or ſooth the dire Alarms
That ſhake the parting Soul?

Religion! Ere the Hand of Fate
Shall make Reflexion plead too late,

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My erring Senſes teach,
Amidſt the flatt'ring Hopes of Youth,
To meditate the ſolemn Truth,
Theſe awful Relics preach.

Thy penetrating Beams diſperſe
The Miſt of Error, whence our Fears
Derive their fatal Spring:
'Tis thine the trembling Heart to warm,
And ſoften to an Angel Form
The pale terrific King.

When ſunk by Guilt in ſad Deſpair,
Repentance breathes her humble Pray'r,
And owns thy Threat'nings juſt:
Thy Voice the ſhudd'ring Suppliant chears,
With *Mercy* calms her tort'ring Fears,
And lifts her from the Duſt.

Sublim'd by thee, the Soul aſpires
Beyond the Range of low Deſires,

In

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In nobler Views elate:
Unmov'd her deſtin'd Change ſurveys,
And, arm'd by Faith, intrepid pays
The univerſal Debt.

In Death's ſoft Slumber lull'd to Reſt,
She ſleeps, by ſmiling Viſions bleſt,
That gently whiſper Peace:
'Till the laſt Morn's fair op'ning Ray
Unfolds the bright eternal Day
Of active Life and Bliſs.

To ———.

SAY, dear *Emilia*, what untry'd Delight
Has Earth, or Air, or Ocean to beſtow,
That checks thy active Spirit's nobler Flight,
And bounds it's narrow View to Scenes below?

Is *Life* thy Paſſion? Let it not depend
On flutt'ring Pulſes, and a fleeting Breath:
In ſad Deſpair the fruitleſs Wiſh muſt end,
That ſeeks it in the gloomy Range of *Death*.

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This World, deceitful Idol of thy Soul,
Is all devoted to his Tyrant Pow'r:
To form his Prey the genial Planets roll,
To ſpeed his Conqueſts flies the rapid Hour.

This verdant Earth, theſe fair ſurrounding Skies,
Are all the Triumphs of his waſteful Reign:
'Tis but to ſet, the brighteſt Suns ariſe;
'Tis but to wither, blooms the flow'ry Plain.

'Tis but to die, Mortality was born;
Nor ſtruggling Folly breaks the dread Decree:
Then ceaſe the common Deſtiny to mourn,
Nor wiſh thy Nature's Law revers'd for thee.

The Sun that ſets, again ſhall gild the Skies;
The faded Plain reviving Flow'rs ſhall grace:
But hopeleſs fall, no more on Earth to riſe,
The tranſitory Forms of Human Race.

No more on Earth: but ſee beyond the Gloom,
Where the ſhort Reign of Time and Death expires,
Victorious o'er the Ravage of the Tomb,
Smiles the fair Object of thy fond Deſires.

The

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The Seed of *Life*, below, imperfect lies,
To Virtue's Hand it's Cultivation giv'n:
Form'd by her Care, the beauteous Plant ſhall riſe,
And flouriſh with unfading Bloom in Heav'n.

ODE to WISDOM.

THE ſolitary Bird of Night
Thro' the pale Shades now wings his Flight,
And quits the Time-ſhook Tow'r:
Where ſhelter'd from the Blaze of Day,
In philoſophic Gloom he lay,
Beneath his Ivy Bow'r.

With Joy I hear the ſolemn Sound,
Which Midnight Echoes waft around,
And ſighing Gales repeat:
Fav'rite of *Pallas!* I attend,
And faithful to thy Summons bend,
At Wiſdom's awful Seat.

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She loves the cool, the ſilent Eve,
Where no falſe Shows of Life deceive,
Beneath the lunar Ray:
Here Folly drops each vain Diſguiſe,
Nor ſport her gayly-colour'd Dyes,
As in the Glare of Day.

O *Pallas!* Queen of ev'ry Art
"That glads the Senſe, or mends the Heart,"
Bleſt Source of purer Joys:
In ev'ry Form of Beauty bright,
That captivates the mental Sight
With Pleaſure and Surprize!

To thy unſpotted Shrine I bow,
Aſſiſt thy modeſt Suppliant's Vow,
That breathes no wild Deſires:
But taught by thy unerring Rules,
To ſhun the fruitleſs Wiſh of Fools,
To nobler Views aſpires.

Not

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Not *Fortune*'s Gem, *Ambition*'s Plume,
Nor *Cythérea*'s fading Bloom,
Be Objects of my Pray'r:
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
These glitt'ring envy'd Toys divide
The dull Rewards of Care.

To me thy better Gifts impart,
Each moral Beauty of the Heart
By ſtudious Thought refin'd:
For Wealth, the Smiles of glad Content,
For Pow'r, it's ampleſt, beſt Extent,
An Empire o'er my Mind.

When Fortune drops her gay Parade,
When Pleaſure's tranſient Roſes fade,
And wither in the Tomb:
Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize,
Thy ever-verdant Laurels riſe
In undecaying Bloom.

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By thee protected, I defy
The Coxcomb's Sneer, the ſtupid Lie
Of Ignorance and Spite:
Alike contemn the leaden Fool,
And all the pointed Ridicule
Of undiſcerning Wit.

From Envy, Hurry, Noiſe, and Strife,
The dull Impertinence of Life,
In thy Retreat I reſt:
Purſue thee to the peaceful Groves,
Where *Plato*'s ſacred Spirit roves
In all thy Graces dreſt.

He bid *Ilyſſus*' tuneful Stream
Convey thy philoſophic Theme
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good:
Attentive *Athens* caught the Sound,
And all her liſt'ning Sons around,
In awful Silence ſtood.

Reclaim'd

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Reclaim'd her wild licentious Youth,
Confeſt the potent Voice of Truth,
And felt it's juſt Controul:
The Paſſions ceas'd their loud Alarms,
And Virtue's ſoft perſuaſive Charms
O'er all their Senſes ſtole.

Thy Breath inſpires the Poet's Song,
The Patriot's free unbiaſs'd Tongue,
The Hero's gen'rous Strife:
Thine are Retirement's ſilent Joys,
And all the ſweet endearing Ties
Of ſtill, domeſtic Life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,
To Thee! Supreme, all-perfect Mind,
My Thoughts direct their Flight:
* *Wiſdom*'s thy Gift, and all her Force
From Thee deriv'd, unchanging Source
Of intellectual Light!

* See St. *James* i. 5. & 17.

O ſend

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O ſend her ſure, her ſteady Ray
To regulate my doubtful Way,
Thro' Life's perplexing Road:
The Miſts of Error to controul,
And thro' it's Gloom direct my Soul
To Happineſs and Good.

Beneath her clear diſcerning Eye,
The viſionary Shadows fly
Of Folly's painted Show:
She ſees, thro' ev'ry fair Diſguiſe,
That all, but *Virtue's* ſolid Joys,
Is Vanity and Woe.

To Miſs SUTTON,
1763.

HEIR of immortal Being! whence that Sigh
O'er tranſient Life's probationary Woes?
Why droops that Spirit form'd to ſeek the Sky,
Not idly languiſh in a long Repoſe?

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Why wanders Fancy thro' the Cypress Gloom,
Where boding Ravens croke the Dirge of Night?
Direct it's View to *Eden's* living Bloom,
The Song of Seraphs, and the Realms of Light.

Tho' now a toiling Tenant of the Duſt,
See! Heav'n it's fair Inheritance diſplays:
And warm with gen'rous Hope and filial Truſt
Exalt thy Soul to Joy, thy Voice to Praiſe.

He claims this Tribute whoſe paternal Care
Inceſſant watches o'er our helpleſs Frame,
And bids the changing Scenes of Life prepare
Our riſing Nature to a nobler Aim.

Mixt with our Woes, what Objects of Delight
Our fated Taſk with kind Indulgence cheer!
With Beauty's endleſs Forms *he* ſtrikes the Sight,
And glads with Harmony the raviſh'd Ear.

He gives the Soul-enliv'ning Pow'rs that rove
Thro' the wide Range of Nature and of Art:
And ſoothes, by ev'ry Charm of ſocial Love
The ſympathetic Feelings of the Heart.

Oft

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Oft when the Phantoms of deluſive Good
With ſoft Seduction round our Senſes play,
He bids Affliction lift her chaſtning Rod,
And drive their unſubſtantial Forms away.

By Mercy prompted his correcting Hand,
Inflicts the Stroke of ſalutary Pain,
To check tyrannic Paſſion's wild Demand
And free our Reaſon from it's ſaviſh Chain.

Our Folly tutor'd, and ſubdued our Pride,
His healing Smiles our Griefs and Fears controul:
And gently, thro' the Paths of Duty, guide
The ductile Temper of the ſoften'd Soul.

From Death's deep Vale, ſad Refuge of Deſpair
My *Iſabella!* raiſe thy drooping Flight:
Nor faint beneath the Taſk allotted here,
While *Faith* and *Hope* to happier Scenes invite.

Our Nature's Conflict with an inborn Foe
Paternal Goodneſs views with pitying Eyes:
Virtue, a trembling Penitent below,
Exults a joyful Victor in the Skies.

Ah

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Ah truſt, for future Good, that gracious Pow'r,
Whoſe various Gifts our mortal Being bleſs,
Nor doubt, his Mercy, at the laſt dread Hour
Shall ſhed the Smiles of Pardon, and of Peace.

ELEGY, 1768.

YES, weak Humanity! thy tender Tear
Sheds it's ſoft Grief o'er *Iſabella*'s Urn,
Laments the poliſh'd Senſe, the Heart ſincere,
The ſocial Charm which never muſt return.

Ah why with fond Regret, that Fate lament,
Which ſhe ſo oft as Heav'n's beſt Gift implor'd?
Her Morn of Youth in joyleſs Languor ſpent,
What better Hope could added Years afford?

In vain did Virtue guide, and Fortune ſmile,
The Weight of Life hung heavy on her Breaſt:
Her fainting Spirit ſunk beneath it's Toil,
And ſigh'd impatient for the Hour of Reſt.

That

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That Hour is come: ere yet her Sun declin'd
The welcome Shades of Death it's Labours close,
Contract the Date to human Woes assigned,
And call the weary Mourner to Repose.

Farewel my much-lov'd Friend! release'd from Pain,
Possess the Quiet of thy wish'd Abode:
There sleep till He, who "died and rose again,"
To Joy shall wake thee "with the Trump of "God."

To Mrs. Vesey.

1766.

Silent and cool the Dews of Ev'ning fall,
Hush'd is the vernal Music of the Groves,
From yon thick Boughs the Birds of Darkness call,
And mark the Walk that Contemplation loves.

In shapeless Grandeur thro' the dubious Shade,
That *Gothic* Structure rises unconfin'd;
Imagination feels a sacred Dread,
And awes to sober Thought th'astonish'd Mind.

Successive

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Succeſſive Seaſons as they roll, ſurvey
Still unimpair'd theſe ſolid Columns ſtand,
While cold and ſenſeleſs moulder, in Decay,
The Limbs which rais'd them, and the Head which
plann'd.

* Not for themſelves the toiling Artiſts build,
Not for himſelf contrives the ſtudious Sage:
To diſtant Views by myſtic Force compell'd,
All give the *preſent* to the *future* Age.

Beneath the Shelter of this reverend Pile
The various Schemes of buſy Care repoſe:
O'er the dark Tombs, along each peopled Iſle,
The Moon's pale Beam a faint Reflexion throws.

Here *Death* his melancholy Pomp diſplays,
And all his Terrors ſtrike on Fancy's Eye:
To Fancy's Ear each hollow Gale conveys,
In chilling Sounds, the laſt expiring Sigh.

* Quid ſpectans, niſi etiam poſtera Sæcula ad ſe pertinere. Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt. L. 1.

Mute

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Mute is each Syren Paſſion's faithleſs Song,
Check'd and ſuſpended by the ſolemn Scene:
Mute the wild Clamours of the giddy Throng,
And only heard the "ſtill ſmall Voice" within.

Ambition ſick'ning views the laurel'd Buſt,
The weak Reward for Years of rival Strife:
While *Pleaſure*'s Garland withering in the Duſt,
Confutes the gayer Hope of frolic Life.

While Folly dictates, and while Reaſon ſcorns
The vain Regrets of diſappointed Art,
Ev'n Virtue ſighs, while poor *Affection* mourns
The blaſted Comforts of the deſert Heart.

Yet check that impious Thought, my gentle Friend
Which bounds our Proſpects by our fleeting Breath,
Which hopeleſs ſees unfiniſh'd Life deſcend,
And ever bars the Priſon Gates of Death.

Ah! what is Friendſhip, if at once diſjoin'd
The ſympathetic Tie unites no more?
Ah! what is Virtue, if below confin'd?
The fruitleſs Struggle of a toilſome Hour!

To

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To perfect Good thro' each progreſſive Stage
The Pow'rs of intellectual Being tend,
Nor raging Elements, nor waſting Age
Shall e'er defeat their Heav'n-appointed End.

To perfect Joy, from Pain and Chance ſecure,
The ſighing Heart ſprings upward from the Duſt,
Where ſafe from Suff'ring, and from Frailty pure,
Unite the ſocial Spirits of the Juſt.

O'er the ſad Relicks of our mortal Clay
No more let Fancy ſink, in hopeleſs Grief:
But rais'd by Faith, to happier Views, ſurvey,
The blooming Forms of renovated Life.

To Nature reſtor'd from Corruption's Pow'r,
The glad Archangel lifts his awful Voice:
He ſwears that Time and Change ſhall be no more;
Hear Earth and Heav'n! and Earth and Heav'n rejoice!

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To the Hon. THOMAS DAWSON, Ætat. 2, 1773.

SWEET Innocence! whoſe Infant Heart
With op'ning Life ſecurely plays,
May Eaſe and ſprightly Health conſpire
To crown thy firſt and faireſt Days.

Too ſoon by haſt'ning Time led on
To Years of Folly, Years of Care,
With fond Regret, ſhalt thou recall
Thy guiltleſs Smiles and Joys ſincere.

Thy eaſy Path how ſtrown with Flow'rs,
Shall ſoon become a winding Way,
Where Error ſpreads it's dark'ning Miſt
And dang'rous Paſſions wildly ſtray.

Ah! then may Heav'n's directing Aid
Conduct thee thro' the mazy Road,
Where Duty's ſteady Hand has traced
The narrow Line of human Good.

To

To the Right Hon. LADY DARTREY.

O Skill'd by ev'ry Pow'r of tuneful Art,
Whoſe Magic leads the willing Mind along,
To touch the fineſt Feelings of the Heart,
And lend to Virtue all the Charms of Song:

When in the dark Abode, where Silence reigns,
That Ear, which hears thee now, ſhall hear no more,
Shall thy lov'd Muſic in pathetic Strains,
The Friend it charm'd in Life, in Death deplore?

Yes: when from ev'ry buſy Scene retir'd,
Amidſt the ſolemn Twilight's dubious Rays,
Thy Thoughts by peaceful Solitude inſpir'd,
Recall the Phantoms of departed Days:

When to thy ſoften'd Soul my Form appears,
By fond Affection view'd in Fancy's Dream,
Thy gentle Voice, in ſweetly plaintive Airs,
Shall to the Lyre accord it's tender Theme.

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If then thy Friend, each dreaded Fault forgiven,
Above all mortal Cares, all mortal Aims,
In glad Security enjoys that Heav'n,
Which trembling *Penitence* from Mercy claims;

Perhaps ev'n then, above yon ſtarry Sphere,
Thy Song a blameleſs Tranſport ſhall impart,
Soft Witneſs to the Friendſhip once ſo dear,
By faithful Memory graven on thy Heart.

Touch'd by the Sorrows, which from Virtue flow,
The pureſt Spirit might to Earth incline,
To Angels point that Worth it lov'd below,
And own it's Union with a Soul like thine.

To Mrs. Montagu.

No more, my Friend, purſue a diſtant Theme,
While nearer Objects call Reflexion Home,
Farewell the vivid Fire, the deep-laid Scheme
Of poliſh'd *Athens* and imperial *Rome*.

By

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By Fancy led thro' many a *Britiſh* Age,
O'er *Winton*'s melancholy Walks we'll ſtray:
Where, once ſo buſy on this mortal Stage,
The wearied Actors cloſe their ſhort-liv'd Play.

O'er the pale Sleepers wave the Wings of Night,
And ſolemn Silence guards their long Repoſe:
May no rude Clamour, or detecting Light,
Diſturb this laſt Retreat of human Woes!

May never more return that impious Age,
When dire Rebellion ſcourg'd our guilty Iſle,
When civil Diſcord, and fanatic Rage,
Profan'd the Shelter of this reverend Pile *.

The mad Enthuſiaſt ſacks the ſacred Dome,
He rends the Trophy from the Hero's Buſt:
Nor weeping Angels o'er the Veſtal's Tomb
From Inſult ſhield the violated Duſt.

Sepulchral Darkneſs felt a painful Ray,
And Silence, waken'd by the Trumpet fled:
While wanton Outrage, to the frighted Day,
Unveil'd the mould'ring Horrors of the Dead.

* Many of the Tombs in *Wincheſter* Cathedral were defaced by *Cromwell*'s Soldiers.

Barbarian ſtop! theſe kindred Atoms claim
The feeling Heart, the ſympathetic Tear:
Stop! and bethink thee of a Brother's Name,
Nor mock the Weakneſs, thou muſt quickly ſhare.

Ah gracious God! when erring Man has paid
The laſt ſad Forfeit of our guilty Race,
Thy Goodneſs bids Earth's Parent Boſom ſhade
Our Nature's Ruin, and our Form's Diſgrace.

From Sin, dark Principle of Death, refin'd,
This ranſom'd Duſt ſhall one Day quit the Tomb,
And riſe, fit Partner to the ſpotleſs Mind,
In new-born Glory, and unfading Bloom.

While penſive wand'ring o'er this equal Scene
Where blended ſleep the Humble and the Great,
Let Wiſdom whiſper to our Souls, how vain
The ſhort Diſtinctions of our mortal State.

From yon fair Shrine, where letter'd *Wykeham* reſts,
(It's *Gothic* Beauties finiſh'd from his Plan)
A warning Voice to High to Low atteſts,
The ſacred Truth, that MANNERS MAKE THE MAN *.

* *William of Wykeham*'s Motto.

To

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To Death is deſtin'd all we ſeek below,
Except what Virtue fixes for our own:
While the vain Flouriſh of external Show
Ends in the blazon'd Hearſe, and ſculptur'd Stone.

All Wealth is poor, unleſs with gen'rous Skill
The lib'ral Hand it's truſted Gift impart:
All Pow'r is weak, but that which curbs the Will,
All Science vain, but that which mends the Heart.

O bleſt with ev'ry Talent ev'ry Grace,
Which native Fire, or happy Art ſupplies,
How ſhort a Period, how confin'd a Space
Muſt bound thy ſhining Courſe below the Skies!

For wider Glories, for immortal Fame,
Were all thoſe Talents all thoſe Graces given:
And may thy Life purſue that nobleſt Aim,
The final Plaudit of approving Heav'n.

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Inſcription on Lady ANN DAWSON's Monument.

Sacred to the Memory,
Of the Right Hon. Lady Ann Dawſon
Sixth Daughter of Thomas Farmor, Earl of Pomfret,
By Henrietta Louiſa Jeffreys his Wife.
With all the External Advantages
That contribute to form a ſhining Diſtinction on Earth,
She conſtantly practis'd, in their ſublimeſt Excellence,
All thoſe evangelical Duties,
Which improve, and adorn the Soul for Heaven.
A more particular Deſcription of her exalted Virtues,
To ſuch as were Strangers to them
Would appear extravagant,
While all who were witneſs to them,
Would feel it to be defective.
May thoſe Virtues remain fixed in the Remembrance,
And imitated in the Lives
Of her ſurviving Friends!

To

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To the World they can never be completely known
Till that awful Day,
When, in the Sight of Men and Angels,
They will be proclaim'd and rewarded.

Of her two Children
Richard-Thomas ſurvives her.
Henrietta-Ann, who lived long enough
To juſtify all the faireſt Hopes of a Mother,
By her Death afforded a triumphant Exerciſe
To the Reſignation of a Chriſtian.

Ob. March 1, 1769.

In a grateful and affectionate Senſe
Of the Bleſſing he injoy'd in ſuch a Wife,
This Monument is raiſed
By the Right Hon. Thomas Dawſon, Lord Dartrey.

The

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THE RAMBLER.

NUMB. XLIV.

Οναρ εκ Διος εϛι.

HOMER.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very extraordinary Dream, which made ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion on me, that I remember it every Word: and if you are not better employed, you may read the Relation of it, as follows.

Methought I was in the Midſt of a very agreeable Set of Company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively Converſation; when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking Figures, Imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſſed in black: her Skin was contracted into a thouſand Wrinkles, her Eyes deep ſunk in her Head, and her Complexion pale and livid as the Countenance

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nance of Death. Her Looks were filled with Terror and unrelenting Severity; and her Hands were armed with Whips and Scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid Frown, and a Voice that chilled my very Blood, she bade me follow her: I obeyed; and she led me through rugged Paths beset with Briars and Thorns, into a deep solitary Valley. Wherever she past, the fading Verdure withered beneath her Steps: her pestilential Breath infected the Air with malignant Vapours, obscured the Lustre of the Sun, and involved the fair Face of Heaven in an universal Gloom. Dismal Howlings resounded through the Forest: from every baleful Tree the Night Raven uttered his dreadful Note; and the whole Prospect was filled with Desolation and Horror. In the Midst of this tremendous Scene, my execrable Guide addressed me in the following Manner:

"Retire with me, O rash unthinking Mortal, "from the vain Allurements of a deceitful World; "and learn, that Pleasure was not designed the "Portion of human Life. Man was born to mourn, "and to be wretched. This is the Condition of "all below the Stars, and whoever endeavours to "oppose it, acts in Contradiction to the Will of "Heaven. Fly then from the fatal Enchantments "of Youth and social Delight: and here consecrate "thy solitary Hours to Lamentation and Woe. "Misery is the Duty of all sublunary Beings; and "every Enjoyment is an Offence to the Deity, "who is to be worshipped only by the Mortifica-

"tion

" tion of every Sense of Pleasure, and by the ever-
" lasting Exercise of Sighs and Tears."

This melancholy Picture of Life quite sunk my Spirits, and seemed to annihilate every Principle of Joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted Yew, where the Winds blew cold and dismal round my Head, and dreadful Apprehensions chilled my Heart. Here I resolved to lie till the Hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an End to the Miseries of a Life so deplorably wretched. In this sad Situation, I spied on one Hand of me, a deep muddy River, whose heavy Waves rolled on, in slow fallen Murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the Brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back: I turned about and was surprised by the Sight of the most lovely Object I had ever beheld. The most engaging Charms of Youth and Beauty appeared in all her Form: effulgent Glories sparkled in her Eyes, and their awful Splendors were softened by the gentlest Looks of Compassion and Peace. At her Approach the frightful Spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the Horrors which she had caused. The gloomy Clouds brightened into chearful Sunshine; the Groves recovered their Verdure, and the whole Region looked gay and blooming as the Garden of *Eden*. I was quite transported at this unexpected Change, and reviving Pleasure began to gladden my Thoughts: when, with a Look of inexpressible Sweetness, my Deliverer thus uttered her divine Instructions.

" My

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" My Name is *Religion*. I am the Offspring of " *Truth*, and the Parent of *Benevolence*, *Hope*, and " *Joy*. That Monſter, from whoſe Power I have " freed you, is called *Superſtition*. She is the Child " of *Diſcontent*, and her Followers are *Fear* and *Sor-* " *row*. Thus different as we are, ſhe has often the " Inſolence to aſſume my Name and Character, and " ſeduces unhappy Mortals to think us the ſame, " till ſhe, at length, drives them to the Borders of " Deſpair; that dreadful Abyſs, into which you " were juſt going to ſink.

" Look round, and ſurvey the various Beauties " of this Globe, which Heaven has deſtined for the " Seat of Human Race, and conſider, whether a " World thus exquiſitely framed, could be meant " for the Abode of Miſery and Pain! For what End " has the laviſh Hand of Providence diffuſed ſuch in- " numerable Objects of Delight, but that all might " rejoice in the Privilege of Exiſtence, and be filled " with Gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? " Thus to enjoy the Bleſſings he has ſent, is Virtue " and Obedience; and to reject them, merely as the " Means of Pleaſure, is pitiable Ignorance, or abſurd " Perverſeneſs. Infinite Goodneſs is the Source of " created Exiſtence. The proper Tendency of every " rational Being, from the higheſt Order of raptured " Seraphs to the meaneſt Rank of Men, is to riſe " inceſſantly from lower Degrees of Happineſs to " higher; and each have Faculties aſſigned them for " various Orders of Delight."

" What," cried I, " is this the Language of " *Religion*? Does ſhe lead her Votaries through

" flowery

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" flowery Paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious Life
" of gay Amusement? Where are the painful Toils
" of Virtue? The Mortifications of Penitents, and
" the self-denying Exercises of Saints and Heroes?
" Are these only the gloomy Conceits of visionary
" Devotees? Are there no Difficulties to be en-
" countered? No Restraints to be endured? Does
" the Whole of Human Duty consist in the chearful
" Enjoyment of a beautiful World, and a constant
" Indulgence of the soft Transports of Pleasure?"

" Not such a Kind of Pleasure," answered she,
" as arises from the thoughtless Gaiety of a useless
" Life. The Enjoyments of a reasonable Being
" cannot consist in unbounded Indulgence, or luxu-
" rious Ease; in the Tumult of licentious Passion,
" the Languor of indolent Repose, or the Flutter
" of light Amusements. Yielding to immoral Plea-
" sures corrupts the Mind; living to animal and
" trifling ones, debases it; both, in their Degree,
" disqualify it for it's genuine Good, and consign
" it over to Wretchedness. Whoever would be
" really happy, must make the diligent and regular
" Exercise of his superior Powers his chief Atten-
" tion, adoring the Perfections of his Maker, ex-
" pressing Good-will to his Fellow-creatures, and
" cultivating inward Rectitude. To his lower Fa-
" culties he must allow such Gratifications as will,
" by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler Pursuits.
" In the Regions inhabited by Angelic Natures, un-
" mingled Felicity for ever blooms: Joy flows there
" with a perpetual and unbounded Stream; nor
" needs there any Mound to check it's Course.

" Beings

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" Beings conscious of a Frame of Mind originally
" diseased, as all the Human Race has Reason to
" be, must use the Regimen of a stricter Self-Go-
" vernment. Whoever has been guilty of volun-
" tary Excesses, must patiently submit both to
" the painful Workings of Nature, and needful Se-
" verities of Medicine, in order to his Cure. Still
" he is intitled to a moderate Share of whatever al-
" leviating Accommodations this fair Mansion of his
" merciful Parent affords, consistent with his Re-
" covery; and, in Proportion as this Recovery ad-
" vances, the liveliest Joy will spring from his secret
" Sense of an amended and improving Heart.—So
" far from the Horrors of Despair is the Condition
" even of the Guilty.—Shudder, poor Mortal, at
" the Thought of that Gulph into which thou wast
" going to plunge.

" While the more Faulty have every Encourage-
" ment to amend, the more innocent Soul will be
" supported with still sweeter Consolations, under
" all it's Experience of Human Infirmities: Sup-
" ported by the gladdening Assurances, that every
" sincere Endeavour to out-grow them shall be as-
" sisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one,
" the lowliest Self-Abasement is but a deep-laid
" Foundation for the most elevated Hopes: since
" they, who faithfully examine, and acknowledge
" what they are, shall be enabled, under my Con-
" duct, to become what they desire. The Christ-
" tian and the Hero are inseparable; and to the
" Aspirings of unassuming Trust, and filial Confi-
" dence, are set no Bounds. To him, who is ani-
" mated

" mated with a View of obtaining Approbation from
" the Sovereign of the Univerſe, no Difficulty is
" unſurmountable. Secure in this Purſuit of every
" needful Aid, his Conflict with the ſevereſt Pains
" and Trials, is little more than the vigorous Exer-
" ciſe of a Mind in Health. His patient Depen-
" dence on that Providence, which looks through
" all Eternity, his ſilent Reſignation, his ready Ac-
" commodation of his Thoughts and Behaviour to
" it's inſcrutable Ways, is at once the moſt excel-
" lent ſort of Self-denial, and a Source of the moſt
" exalted Tranſports. Society is the true Sphere of
" human Virtue. In ſocial active Life, Difficulties
" will perpetually occur; Reſtraints of many Kinds
" will be neceſſary: and ſtudying to behave right in
" Reſpect of theſe, is a Diſcipline of the human
" Heart uſeful to others, and improving to itſelf.
" Suffering is no Duty, but where it is neceſſary to
" avoid Guilt, or to do Good; nor is Pleaſure a
" Crime, but where it ſtrengthens the Influence of
" bad Inclinations, or leſſens the generous Activity
" of Virtue. The Happineſs allotted to Man in his
" preſent State, is indeed faint and low, compared
" with his immortal Proſpects and noble Capacities:
" but yet, whatever Portion of it the diſtributing
" Hand of Heaven offers to each Individual, is a
" needful Support and Refreſhment for the preſent
" Moment, ſo far as it may not hinder the Attain-
" ment of his final Deſtination.

" Return then, with me, from continual Miſery,
" to moderate Enjoyment, and grateful Alacrity.
" Return from the contracted Views of Solitude, to

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" the proper Duties of a relative and dependent Be-
" ing. Religion is not confined to Cells and Clo-
" ſets, nor reſtrained to ſullen Retirement: theſe
" are the gloomy Doctrines of Superſtition, by which
" ſhe endeavours to break thoſe Chains of Benevo-
" lence and ſocial Affection, that link the Wel-
" fare of every Particular with that of the Whole.
" Remember, that the greateſt Honour you can pay
" to the Author of your Being, is by ſuch a chear-
" ful Behaviour, as diſcovers a Mind ſatisfied with
" his Diſpenſations."

Here my Preceptreſs pauſed: and I was going to expreſs my Acknowledgments for her Diſcourſe, when a Ring of Bells from the neighbouring Village, and a new-riſen Sun darting his Beams through my Windows, awaked me.

THE

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THE RAMBLER.

NUMB. C.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS very many well-diſpoſed Perſons, by the unavoidable Neceſſity of their Affairs, are ſo unfortunate as to be totally buried in the Country, where they labour under the moſt deplorable Ignorance of what is tranſacting among the polite Part of Mankind, I cannot help thinking but that, as a public Writer, you ſhould take the Caſe of theſe truly-compaſſionable Objects under your Conſideration.

Theſe unhappy Languiſhers in Obſcurity, ſhould be furniſhed with ſuch Accounts of the Employments of People of the World, as may engage them, in their ſeveral remote Corners, to a laudable Imitation: or, at leaſt, ſo far inform and prepare them, that if, by any joyful Change of Situation, they ſhould be ſuddenly tranſported into the gay Scene,

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they may not gape, and wonder, and ſtare, and be utterly at a Loſs how to behave, and make a proper Appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the Welfare of all the Country Towns in the Kingdom might be promoted, if you would uſe your charitable Endeavours to raiſe in them a noble Emulation of the Manners and Cuſtoms of higher Life.

For this Purpoſe, you ſhould give a very clear and ample Deſcription of the whole Set of polite Acquirements; a complete Hiſtory of Forms, Faſhions, Frolics, of Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, Balls, Aſſemblies, Ridottos, Maſquerades, Auctions, Plays, Operas, Puppet-ſhows and Bear-gardens: of all thoſe Delights which profitably engage the Attention of the moſt ſublime Characters, and by which they have brought to ſuch amazing Perfection, the whole Art and Myſtery of paſſing Day after Day, Week after Week, and Year after Year, without the heavy Aſſiſtance of any one thing, that formal Animals are pleaſed to call uſeful or neceſſary.

In giving due Inſtructions through what Steps to attain this Summit of human Excellence, you may add ſuch irreſiſtible Arguments in it's Favour, as muſt convince Numbers, who in other Inſtances do not ſeem to want natural Underſtanding, of the unaccountable Error of ſuppoſing they were ſent into the World for any other Purpoſe but to flutter, ſport, and ſhine: for, after all, nothing can be clearer, than that an everlaſting Round of Diverſion, and the more ſprightly and hurrying the better, is the moſt important End of human Life.

It

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It is really prodigious, ſo much as the World is improved, that there ſhould, in theſe Days, be Perſons ſo ignorant and ſtupid, as to think it neceſſary to miſ-ſpend their Time, or trouble their Heads about any thing elſe than purſuing the preſent Fancy: for what elſe is worth living for?

It is Time enough ſurely to think of Conſequences when they come: and as for the antiquated Notions of Duty, they are not to be met with in any *French* Novel, or any Book one ever looks into, but derived almoſt wholly from the Writings of Authors who lived a vaſt many Ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any Idea of thoſe Accompliſhments which now characterize People of Diſtinction, have been for ſome Time ſinking apace into utter Contempt. It does not appear that even their moſt zealous Admirers, for ſome Partizans of his own ſort every Writer will have, can pretend to ſay they were ever at one Maſquerade. In the important Article of Diverſions, the Ceremonial of Viſits, the extatic Delight of unfriendly Intimacies, and unmeaning Civilities, they are abſolutely ſilent. Blunt Truth and downright Honeſty, plain Cloaths, ſtaying at Home, hard Work, few Words, and thoſe unenlivened with Cenſure or double Meaning, are what they recommend as the Ornaments and Pleaſures of Life. Little Oaths, polite Diſſimulation, Tea-table Scandal, delightful Indolence, the Glitter of Finery, the Triumph of Precedence, the Enchantments of Flattery, are things of which they ſeem to have had no Notion: and one cannot help laughing, to think what a Figure they would have made in a Viſiting-room,

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room, and how frighted they would have looked at a Gaming-table. The noble Zeal of Patriotism, that disdains Authority, and tramples on Law for Sport, was their abſolute Averſion: and, indeed, one cannot diſcover any one thing that they pretend to teach People, but to be wiſe and good; Accompliſhments infinitely below the Conſideration of Perſons of Taſte and Spirit, who know how to ſpend their Time to ſo much better Purpoſe.

Among other admirable Improvements, pray, Mr. *Rambler*, do not forget to enlarge on the very extenſive Benefits of playing at Cards on *Sundays*; a Practice of ſuch infinite Uſe, that we may modeſtly expect to ſee it univerſally prevail in all Parts of this Kingdom. To Perſons of Faſhion, the Advantage is obvious: becauſe, as for ſome ſtrange Reaſon or other, which no fine Gentleman or Lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither Play nor Maſquerade, nor bottled Conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a *Sunday*, if it were not for the charitable Aſſiſtance of Loo or Quinze, the genteel Part of Mankind muſt, one Day in ſeven, neceſſarily ſuffer a total Extinction of Being.

Nor are Perſons of high Rank the only Gainers by ſo ſalutary a Cuſtom, which extends it's good Influence, in ſome Degree, to the lower Orders of People: but, were it quite general, how much better and happier would the World be, than it is even now.

It is hard upon poor Creatures, be they ever ſo mean, to deny them thoſe Enjoyments and Liberties which

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which are equally open for all: yet if Servants were taught to go to Church on this Day, to ſpend ſome Part of it in reading, or receiving Inſtruction in a Family Way, and the reſt in mere friendly Converſation, the poor Wretches would infallibly take it into their Heads, that they were obliged to be ſober, modeſt, diligent, and faithful to their Maſters and Miſtreſſes. Now ſurely none of common Prudence and Humanity would wiſh their Domeſtics infected with ſuch ſtrange primitive Notions, or laid under ſuch unmerciful Reſtraints: all which may, in a great Meaſure, be prevented, by the Prevalence of the good-humoured Faſhion, which I would have you recommend. For when the lower Kind of People ſee their Betters, with a truly laudable Spirit, inſulting and flying in the Face of thoſe rude ill-bred Dictators, Piety, and the Laws, they are thereby excited and admoniſhed, as far as Actions can admoniſh and excite, and taught, that they too have an equal Right of ſetting them at Defiance, in ſuch Inſtances as their particular Neceſſities and Inclinations may require: and thus is the Liberty of the whole human Species mightily improved and enlarged.

In ſhort, Mr. *Rambler*, by a faithful Repreſentation of the numberleſs Benefits of a modiſh Life, you will have done your Part in promoting, what every Body ſeems to confeſs the true Purpoſe of human Exiſtence, perpetual Diſſipation. By encouraging People to employ their whole Attention on Trifles, and to make Amuſement their ſole Buſineſs, you will teach them how to avoid many uneaſy and troubleſome Reflexions. All the ſoft Feelings of Humanity, the

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the Sympathies of Friendſhip, all natural Temptation to the Care of a Family, and Solicitude about the Good or Ill of others, with the whole Train of domeſtic and ſocial Affections, which create ſuch daily Anxieties and Embarraſſments, will be happily ſtifled and ſuppreſſed in a Round of everlaſting Racketting: and all ſerious Thoughts, but particularly that of *Hereafter*, will be baniſhed out of the World; a moſt perplexing Apprehenſion, but luckily a moſt groundleſs one too, as it is ſo very clear a Caſe, that no Body ever dies. I am, *&c.*

THE END.

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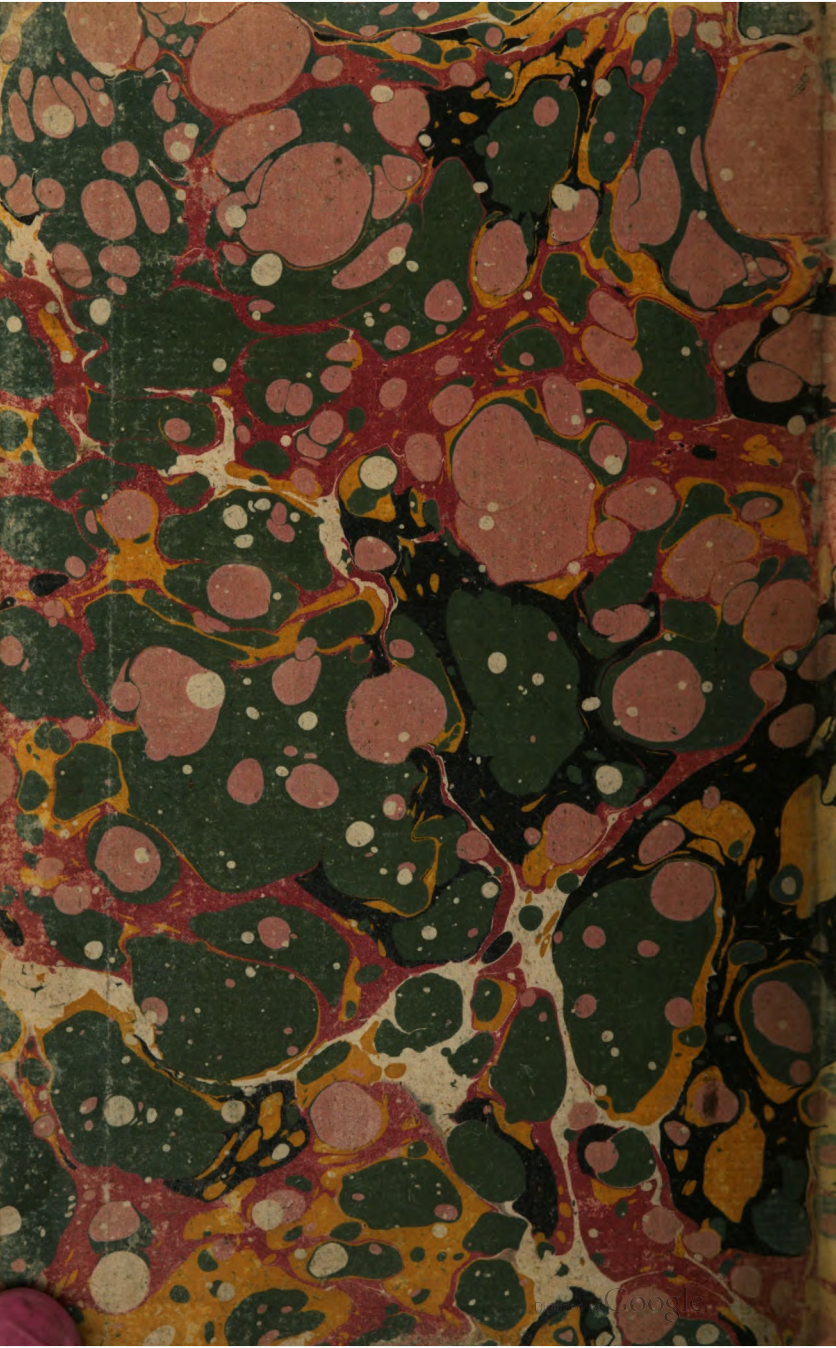
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